

— In —
**Many
Keys**



**A Book
of Verse**

J. W. Bengough



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IN MANY KEYS

A BOOK OF VERSE

BY

• JOHN WILSON BENGOUGH

Author of "Motley : Verses Grave and Gay," etc.

TORONTO
WILLIAM BRIGGS

1902

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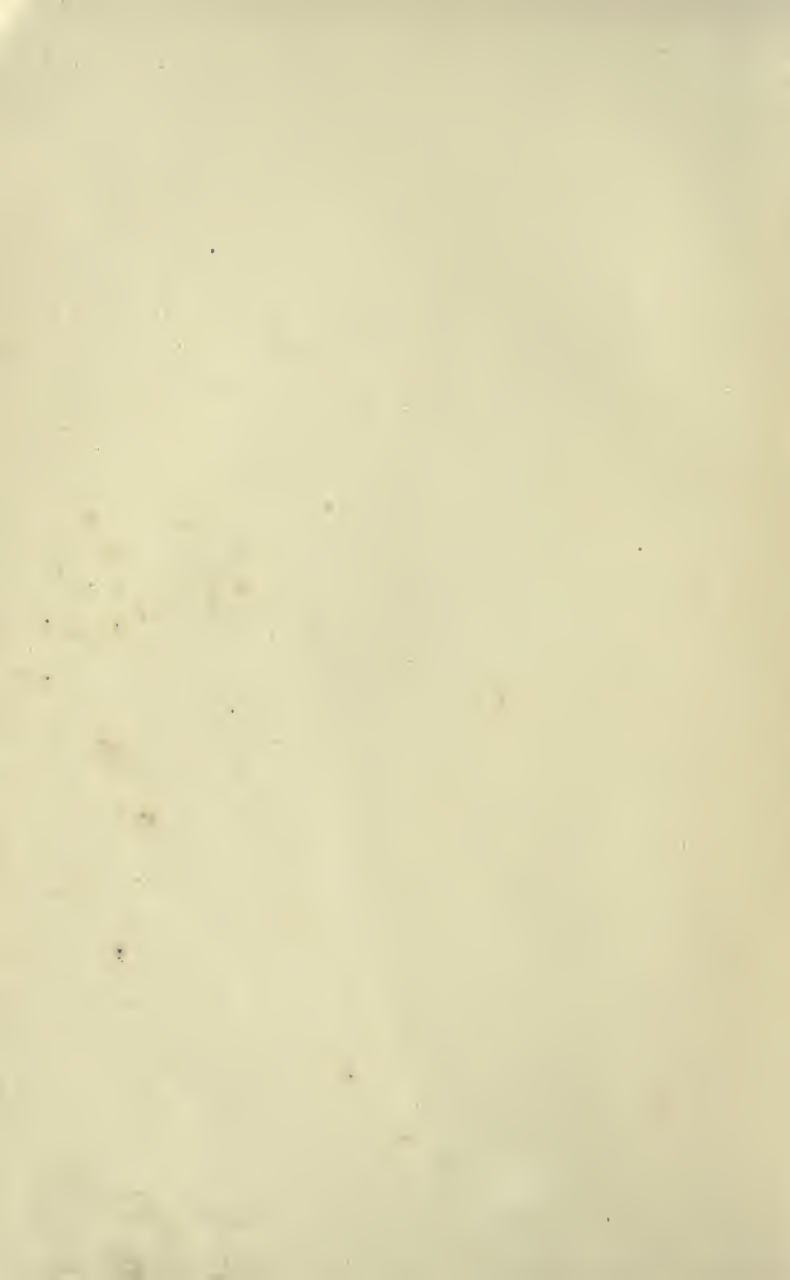
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1902

MAN.

TO
THE MEMORY
OF
My Dear Wife.



FOREWARD.

“ It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century.

“ But better far it is to speak
One simple word which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men.

“ To write some earnest verse or line
Which, seeking not the praise of Art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the unlearned heart.”

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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Canadian.

IN MANY KEYS.

UNITY DAY—JULY 1.

A THOUSAND streamlets, 'neath the auroral light
Of the far, silent North, shine as they wend
And waver southward ; from the sunset West
A thousand more down from the mountains glance
And wander o'er the prairie deviously
In lonely course, till here and there they meet,
And kiss, and join their waters into one,
And stronger flow toward the eastern lake,
Mingling in joy of dancing wave ; then on,
In the new power of river lordlier grown
With every league of way, to lordlier lake,
Now swelled to wind-swept sea ; thence on again,
Alternate lake and river, through the gorge,
Where echoes that have rung since time began
Still roar amazement at the wond'rous Fall
That awes the world ; still eastward, past the isles—
The thousand emeralds scattered in the stream
To show God's boundless bounty—on and on,
In the majestic sweep of deep, clear flood,
Past stately cities, peaceful sloping farms,
And villages that seem to kneel in prayer ;
A river of imperial renown,

Named, with an almost sacred reverence,
Our glorious St. Lawrence !

Canada !

Behold the emblem of thy polity
From God's own hand ; read well the parable
Here spoken by His lips. These diverse streams
Of North and West, that flow and join and roll
In one triumphal volume to the Gulf,
Find voice in loud Niagara to preach
The lesson to thy heart of Unity :
They typify the races gathered here
From all the ends of earth, with life-ideals
As various as their features. Oh, behold,
If thou would'st weld them into one great State,
One strong and valiant nation, there must be
True unity of heart, as waters mix
To form thy splendid river—there must be
Not toleration cold, but human love,
And brotherhood and large-soul'd sympathy !

With deep, wise thought must thou e'er con-
template

How much of what is noble and sincere
Each race brings to thee, making little note
Of what is weak and evil, till it pass
And wither in the shade of thy neglect ;
And cultivate an instinct generous
For what may be of beautiful and good
In every various worship-altar ; nay,
A patriot eye and reverent heart that looks
Will find agreements more than differences
In every creed he judges alien.
Then, would'st thou be firm 'stablished, Canada,

Sink differences ; build love on things agreed,
Remembering, with bowed and humble soul,
That all alike, in this dim, mystic life,
Are children crying in the dark for God.

The old dead age preached tolerance ; the new
Has a new watchword—catholicity ;
Be no test known to thee but loyalty,
And let Canadian be the dearest name
To all thy sons and daughters ; scattered streams
From many sources form, in unity,
Thy nation's river ; yet each separate lake
Mirrors its own choice picture of the sky ;
So, tho' the separate creeds reflect one heaven
In differing views, and varied modes and forms,
All hearts may be Canadian, and one stream
Of patriot faith in liberty and right,
And in our flag, our empire, and our King,
May grandly flow in ever-widening power
To match our one St. Lawrence !

MAY 24, 1901.

Is it a grieving fancy deems the sun
Less bright to-day o'er buds and blossoming
Than in past years, when bounteous joys did run
Through all the boughs of spring ?

Why seems the blue of the round sky so pale ?
Why seem the clouds so mournfully to move ?
Why seems the robin's cheerful note to fail
In this the month of love ?

To-day, the choicest that sweet May can show,
Was erst the blithest that our spirits knew ;
But now, meseems, 'tis tears that overflow
In the morn's glistening dew.

Or is it but the stirring of a grief
Within our breasts that makes the grass less green,
And gives sad meaning to the trembling leaf—
Thoughts of our vanished Queen ?

Aye, for or old she was the central orb
That gave this Day its well-remembered glow ;
Now death's horizon and the night absorb
Her whom no more we'll know.

Her gracious memory henceforth must lend
A pathos to this springtime holiday ;
To us its splendid hues of joy must blend
With sorrow's tender grey,

Yet but to bless it with a nobler air
And loftier purpose. With true hearts we sing
Our Empire's anthem, and send up the prayer—
God save our noble King !



CHRYSLER'S FARM.

ACROSS the river, whittling as he came,
Strode the tall figure of old Uncle Sam.

To greet him with a neighbor's friendly hand
Stood Johnny Bull Canuck on sacred land.

And soon the twain were in a pleasant chat,
Discursively discussing this and that,

From great affairs that boded ill or good,
To smaller gossip of the neighborhood.

At length by chance Sam's roving eagle eye
Descried a new-erected shaft near by.

"Oho," said he, "John, this is something new—
I didn't know this sort of tree you grew.

"When did you plant it? What do you suppose
It's goin' to be good for when it grows?"

John blandly smiled. "That special breed of tree
Is good for jogging memories," quoth he;

"You've only got to give it half a look
And it will talk just like a history book;

"To our Canadian youth, that is, I mean—
It has a lot to say about 'Thirteen.

"You didn't 'spose that sort of tree we grew?
If I may use your phrase—you bet we do!

"This land, round here grows anything we please;
It sprouts up soldiers, Sam, as well as trees;

"For, don't you know"—John proudly waved his arm—
"This place you're standing on is Chrysler's Farm!"

Old Uncle Sam he raised his head and bowed
Toward the shaft, and said, "It does you proud!"

A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS.

A POEM AMENDED TO ACCORD WITH FACTS.

Slush

THE ~~snow~~ lay like a blanket
 On field and lane and street,
 And still the ~~flakes~~ were falling *rain was*
 Like ~~noiseless~~ fairy feet. *ordinary steel-*
mild The air ~~was clear and frosty~~ *muggy*
carts As ~~sleighs~~ dashed to and fro.
 'Twas Christmas—such as only
 Canadians can know.

*links
golfers*

Upon the ice so ~~glacé~~ *spring-like*
 The ~~skaters~~ ~~swept~~ in glee, *played*
 With joy in voice and gesture
 So buoyant, bright and free,
 And shouted to each other
 "'Tis Christmas tide, yo ho !
 And Christmas such as only
 Canadians can know."



LUNDY'S LANE.

ON THE DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE
THE BATTLE.

NOT with vain swagger of mere soldier-pride
Would we affront this age of peaceful strife ;
Yet to forget heroic men who died
That we might live the grander, larger life,
To leave their graves unmarked, unsanctified,
Were cowardice to ingratitude allied,
E'en in a day with commonplaces rife.

Upon this spot, where men of British blood
With kinsmen fought to save our infant State,
We rear the shaft that looks across the flood
Whence came our foes upon that day of fate,
Saluting their descendants void of hate,
And wishing them, as brothers, nought but good.

We rear the shaft that by such outward sign
Our nation's reverence may be told abroad
For mouldering graves that make this spot divine
And consecrate its old historic sod,
On which our soldiers, by the grace of God,
Won this True North and kept our boundary line.

As 'round this pillar's base the mounds decay,
And passing years efface the marks of war,
So would we have old rancors pass away,
And greet with hope the better days that are,
The nobler strife of Maple Leaf and Star
To bless mankind, while Peace, enthroned, holds sway.



MISS CANADA ABROAD.

THE Star of London's Mayfair, all knowing ones agree
Is John Bull's Western Daughter, who, at the Jubilee,
Captured the gay old city with her beauty and her grace,
And ever since, in British hearts, has held the foremost
place.

Not the young lady, mark you, whom Tennyson, the Blest,
Referred to as J. Bull's "Gigantic Daughter of the West";
But she whom Poet Kipling called "Our Lady of the
Snows,"

Alluding to her dazzling complexion, I suppose.

Miss Canada, in short. Well, London raved about the girl,
And season after season, she led the dizzy whirl;
The press teemed with her praises, and every move she made
Called forth admiring cheers,—she threw all rivals in the
shade.

And she enjoyed her triumph—what girl would not be
proud
To reign supreme in such a style o'er London's surging
crowd?
But yet she felt a yearning: tho' the acknowledged belle,
She longed to have a chance to prove she was of use as well.



"My face is *not* my fortune," she said to Mr. Bull,
"And if you'll let me have my way, I'll prove it to the
full!"
"Your way?" cried John; "why, take it, of course, my
pretty dear,
Do anything you please, you know,—we're all your servants
here!"

'Twas close to Christmas: from the throng Miss Canada
withdrew,
And Lonnon was agog to know what 'twas she meant to do,
But none found out till Christmas Day, when, looking much
at ease,
She stood and rang a bell and cried, "John! Come to
dinner, please!"

And Mr. Bull, with his good wife, Britannia, on his arm,
 And all his little colonies—a most prodigious swarm—
 And men of state from foreign lands, and
 lords of high degree,
 And ladies too, went trooping in to see
 what they would see.

Miss Canada, in apron white, and very
 neat attire,
 Bade welcome to her honored guests, and
 much they did admire
 Her modest, wholesome, cherry ways,—
 and whispers soon grew rife
 Amidst the company, “By Jove! she’d
 make a splendid wife!”



They entered and beheld a room that dazzled every eye,
 The floor of polished hardwood, bright chandeliers on
 high ;

Artistic furniture in place, rich and of lustrous
 shine,
 And all that heart could wish for in the decora-
 tive line.



“All made in Canada, my friends!” exclaimed
 the hostess fair,
 “Canadian forests grew the wood for table,
 sideboard, chair,
 Floor, ceiling, wainscot,—timber wealth we
 have in endless store
 Throughout our half-a-continent from ocean’s
 shore to shore.

“ But pray be seated, Mr. Bull,” and all the guests sat down
And had the grandest dinner that Christmas e’er had known,
Served up by sweet Miss Canada and her provincial force,
Who in neat waitress costume displayed it course by course.



Miss Maritime first served the soup—a dainty oyster stew
(Tho’ there was bouillon, also, and clear consommé too);
Then followed a procession of every varied dish
That cookery knows how to make of fine Canadian fish.

And next came roasts—the Nor’-West girl, from the wide
ranches, bore
Prime beef, the “beat” of which John Bull had never seen
before;
And pork of splendid quality, and poultry of all kinds,
Turkey and chicken, goose and duck,—for varied gourmand
minds.

And vegetables—every sort, and each the very best,
Boiled, stewed, and pickled,—carried in by girls from East
and West;

With bread, rolls, cakes and pastry, and puddings in a
shower,

All made from Manitoba wheat ground into matchless flour.

And cheese and butter, best extant, and fruit the first on
earth,

Wound up the bill of fare. Quoth John, "I'm known for
ample girth,

But hold, I have my limits!" Cried everyone, "Amen!

For such a Christmas dinner we've had we don't know
when!"

Miss Canada smiled proudly. "Then please make note,"
said she,

"The entire menu you've discussed I brought across the
sea ;

I'm honored when you call me the gem of Britain's crown,
But I am more than ornament ; see, I can feed you, John!"



John rose and bowed ; his ample breast was trembling with
a flutterance ;

He loosed his neck and tried to speak, but was too full for
utterance !

THE RETURN OF THE CONTINGENTS.

BRITANNIA.

I.

TAKE them back, Canada ;
Proudly receive them !
Each gallant son of thine,
Bearing on head of him,
Wearing in heart of him
Britain's deep gratitude,
Heart's benediction
Of people and Queen.
Honor them mightily—
They who have honored you,
Honored the empire,
Honored our breed !
Fine decorum disdain,
Give your impulse the reign,
Fete them, and feast them,
And hero-wreaths weave them
Of oak leaves and maple leaves
Lovingly blended ;
For by valor of theirs
Was Majuba jibe ended ;
My blessing goes with them
Over the ocean :
Honor them splendidly,
Bate no emotion ;
Honor them, Canada,
Fighters so splendid !

II.

Welcome them, Canada,
From battle triumphant,
From service unstinted
On kopje and veldt ;
Faces brown-tinted
With the African sun,
And the toil and the strain
Of duty well done ;
Peers of my chivalrous
Famous old veterans
In soldierly valor,
Marching and skirmishing,
Scouting and charging,
Working the gun ;
Take them back, Canada,
Hero each one ;
On their khaki no stain ;
Clasp their hands, comrades,
Receive them, compatriots,
Haggard, but glorious,
Over the sea to the home-hearth again !

III.

Keep their names, Canada,
Bright in your annals ;
Through all our great empire
They're spoken right proudly,
And all the bright future
Shall know them and cherish them,
And progeny distant
Shall boast of the blood

Of the gallant contingents,
Of the men true and valiant,
Who, first in all history,
Crossed the wide flood
For honor and liberty,
Order and right,
Beside their world-kindred
To labor and fight ;
And in victory to stand
Beneath the old flag
For the old motherland !

CANADA.

IV.

Hail thee, Britannia,
Generous and brave ;
Mother of freedom,
Greeting we give to thee
Over the wave ;
The true sons we lent to thee,
Fighters we sent to thee,
Here now, tumultuous,
We welcome again.

V.

Look thee, Britannia,
Mark how we welcome them :
Rank upon rank of us,
Mile upon mile ;
Joyfully, proudly,
Tearfully, cheerfully,

Faintly and loudly.
Hark ! the drums rattling
Tell us they're coming ;
Hushed now all prattling,
Something is clutching
The hearts in our bosoms ;
Something is choking us ;
Faces are paling ;
A thrill runs abroad—
Our souls are swept on
In the tempest of music,
Our hearts beat the time
To the rhythm of the marching ;
Eyes fill and lips falter—
They come ! They are here !
A strange, creeping thrill
Holds us silent and awed ;
Eyes that are dimmed
See the bronzed, passing forms,
And lips that are tremulous
Whisper, Thank God !
They are passing, are passing—
With stride swift and even,
And a swing multitudinous
Heel matched to heel,
Shoulder to shoulder,
Steel glinting to steel.
Then the spell breaks,
And the cheering and shouting
And the tumult uproarious
Give tongue to our feelings.
Hark ! dim in the distance,

A mile down the multitude,
It rises ; it grows to a thunderous roar,
Like a tidal-wave breaking
And rolling and shaking
On an echoing shore !

VI.

Welcome, lads, welcome !
From honest, hard service,
Gallant and soldierly,
In the wide wilderness ;
Through the grim gorges ;
Over the kopjes ;
Over the torrents ;
In storm and in sunshine ;
Scouting and fighting,
And swiftly obeying ;
Khaki-clad Centaurs,
Brown with brave labor,
Welcome, thrice welcome !
Back from the veldts of blood,
Back to the cheers
Of our kin at the Cape,
Ringing and hearty,
Loud in your ears :

Welcome, brave colonists,
Over the ocean
Tumultuous rolling
To England, tumultuous
With plaudits and praises ;
To thanks frankly spoken

Of grateful old Britain ;
To tribute right kingly
Of Edward, the noble,
Our kingliest King !

Welcome, swart horsemen,
Over the eager sea
Billowing westward
To your own west again ;
Back to the home-land,
The queen of all lands—
Back to your prairies,
White or flower-spangled ;
Back to your ranges,
Your foot-hills, your canyons ;
Your life of vast vision
And glorious free breathing
'Neath peerless blue skies ;
Back to loved faces,
And warm-waiting hearths,
And proud-beating hearts !
Welcome, Strathcona's !
Welcome ! Well done !

VII.

But this, my Britannia,
Is more than mere pageant
Passing and vanishing !
This is historical.
Deep in our tablets,
High in our citadels,
The names of these heroes

We'll keep 'yond forgetting ;
We'll hang in our temples
The colors they carried,
The banner of Britain,
With the wreath-circled beaver
In the glowing red field ;
And upon it the blazon
Of names now immortal—
“ Royal Canadian,”
“ Dominion Artillery,”
“ Strathcona Horse,”
“ Paardeburg,” “ Mafeking ” ;
Time in its course,
As the ages unfold,
Will dim not their splendor,
Nor tarnish their gold !

VIII.

With thee, Britannia,
Mourn we the absent ones,
Fallen in battle,
Or slain by the fevers ;
These honor we tearfully,
And proudly remember ;
Nobly they fought for thee,
Nobly they died for thee ;
We will remember them—
We will remember !

THE PASSING OF THE CENTURY.

“COME, let me tell thee, ere I go my way,
The greatest of the things that I have seen.”
So spake the Century, drawing proudly up
His regal figure in its classic robe,
And pausing, with Historia at his side,
Before the portal of the Past, his foot
Already on the threshold. “Thou wilt write
My story in thy scroll, continuing
The eighteen chapters of the Christian age—
Telling the tale, as is thy wont, in prose,
In truth severe, and shorn of ornament ;
Yet, such the marvellous record thou must write,
That earlier eyes, if they might read the tale,
Would deem it fairy lore, fantastical,
Or own that mortal men had grown to gods !
For thou must tell of things miraculous
To other eras, blest above these last
With the child-faculty of Wonder, which
Is now well-nigh outworn in human souls.
Think’st thou such readers could believe it true
That wingless mortals sweep o’er land and sea
With swifter flight than eagles ? Or that speech,
Translated into lightning-flash, unites
All ends of earth in one community ?

That Titan-powers, captive to puny man,
Patiently labor for him night and day,
Producing endless stores of useful things
And things of beauty? That a household toy
Of lifeless substance entertains his ease
With living human speech and music-strain
Perfect in tone as tongue or instrument?
That life itself, moving in varied scene,
May now be brought in pictured semblance
From lands far distant, to be reproduced
At his command upon a canvass screen
In detail all exact? That mimic moons
Light up his cities through the hours of night
With glow of mystic day?

“These marvels all
Thou wilt describe as plain, prosaic fact,
And take thy chance with Incredulity;
Nay, more than these; thou wilt set forth as well
The triumphs of the pen, the plough, the sword,
The mart, the forum, and the printing-press,
The schools of art and science—wondrous all!

“But let me tell thee, for my time is short,
The greatest of the things that I have seen—
The latest but the noblest of them all—
Th’ apotheosis of Free Government.
Set down as the event most notable
Of all that happened in my hundred years
That episode of war; in epic strain
Rehearse how Britain’s free-soul’d colonies
Sprang to her side when the alarm rang out,

Sending across the thousand leagues of sea
Their valorous sons to service unconstrained,
And pouring forth their treasure, proud and glad,
To aid the Old Land's cause ; no sight like this
Has any century hitherto beheld ;
For never till Victoria's Empire rose
Has any throne bound its dependencies
By heart-strings to itself, and built on love
Its world-encircling might. Thy pen, perchance,
Has traced the record of some ancient power
Whose slaves obeyed—but 'twas with slavish fear ;
Or thou hast known of formal pacts and bonds
That have compelled alliance mutually
'Twixt state and state ; but here is something new,
A spectacle pathetic and sublime
Whereat mere Power may weep, and tremble, too.
Yet not mysterious ; open, simple, plain,
The secret of this wonder of the world :
Britain alone has nurtured Liberty ;
With generous heart and open hand has given
To her possessions what herself most prized—
Freedom, home-government, full civil rights,
And with no selfish aim—pure motherhood,
Demanding but the mother-privilege
Of shielding her wide brood. So has it come,
Since nations still are form'd of human hearts,
That mellow gratitude at length has burst
Into a full-blown chivalry of love,
And that the gifts thus bounteously bestow'd
Have now returned upon her, thousand fold,
In fealty that counts not any cost
Of filial service in the hour of need.

“Set down, Historia, that in these my days
The world has witnessed the prodigious birth
Of a new nation, a world-ruling power,
A firm-knit people 'neath a single flag ;
Diverse in clime and character, but one
In soul, and purpose, and blood-brotherhood ;
Henceforth a Greater Britain to hold sway
O'er this distracted earth.”

RED ROSE DAY.

JUNE 6TH.

RED roses, royal flowers of June ;
Love's chosen emblem, and Sir John's ;
Decking to-day in proud festoon
The patriot Chieftain's honored bronze,
Breathe out thy perfume, matchless sweet,
Our hearts to greet.

Art here has moulded his loved form,
His memorable master-face ;
And nature now, in blossoms warm,
A moment gives us back its grace—
The aroma of his spirit kind,
And tolerant mind.

And, somehow, to my inner ear,
The rose-breath is transformed to speech,
And gently whispers, low and clear,
The lesson his great life would teach :
" Let there be unity and peace ;
Let rancors cease.

" You come, still faithful to my name,
With memories of me to commune ;
Dear friends, for symbol of my fame,
I'd choose broad, growing, generous June,
And make it typify my sway
O'er Canada.

“ Remember your great land is one ;
Let party passion, racial strife,
And narrow hates of creed be done—
Rise to the broader nation-life ;
Let my red rose denote the blood
Of brotherhood ”

CANADA'S ASPIRATION.

I SAW my country, fair young Canada,
A beauteous figure in her ample North,
And proudly said, She surely hath no peer
'Mongst all the maidens of the rounded earth.

Saxon and Latin, come, behold in her
Your mingled virtues sprung to perfect flower—
The sinuous grace of France in every move,
And in each motion British ease and power.

Her dower of choicest blood in double stream
She has not shamed by an effeminate sloth ;
The lore of France and Britain she has conned,
And sought the truest course with light from both.

And other wisdom-volumes she has read,
By other peoples written with their blood,
Sitting at History's feet with studious mind
To learn what things are for a nation's good.

.

I saw my country rise ; upon her face
A light from heaven fell as if to bless,
As lifting one white arm aloft she cried,
“That which exalts a land is righteousness.

- “ This goodly heritage of mine, this realm
Of Greater Britain, spread from sea to sea,
I dedicate to God and to the cause
Of Justice, Honor and Humanity.
- “ The bow that glorifies our arctic sky
With its white myst’ry of quick-darting lights,
Shall symbolize the purity of our fame
And our unsleeping guard o’er freemen’s rights.
- “ Each man within our bounds shall be a king
Respecting equal royalty in all,
And not in vain on my avenging sword
Shall the oppressed ’gainst the oppressor call.
- “ My revenues in unstained hands shall be,
My laws shall deal alike with rich and poor,
The strife fomenter, briber, coward, knave,
And huckstering bigot—these shall not endure.
- “ My land shall be the refuge of mankind
From tyranny, injustice, want and wrong,
And soon the teeming millions, here at home,
Shall shame the birds with freedom’s happy song.”

THE POEM OF PRËTORIA DAY.*

EACH soul of human kind is in some sort
A poet-soul, and when a vital thought
Or a supreme emotion clutches it,
'Tis as the spark of fire to tinder: straight
Poetic utterances must be; as well
Explode a cannon and suppress the roar
As seek to hold the liberated blaze
Of human passion; it must find a voice,
And that voice ever must be poetry.
Not that it comes in harmony of words,
Or melody of measured verse or song—
All poets are not singers, nor are pens
Their only implements—tin horns will do,
Or rattling, thumping drums and trumpet-blaire,
Rockets or crackers, clanging, humming bells,
Fog horns and factory whistles—anything
May be the fitting medium for the flood
That swells the breast demanding exit thence;
The poet-soul, such is its law, must speak,
And noise gives sweet relief; hence clang and roar
That memorable night was to the town
A satisfying sonnet. Yet each bard
Has his own separate nature. Din and crash
Are not the only form of speech—perchance
Sheer, unabashed tomfoolery's the choice

* See Note I.

And special *vade mecum*—one I saw,
 The seemly elder of a sober church
 At other times, who, on that holiday,
 Rushed from the sidewalk to a passing car,
 And blowing up a small balloon he held
 (A squeaking toy that, when inflated full,
 Took on the comic figure of a hog)
 Waved it in his afflatus, crying, "The Boer,
 The Boer !" a witty verselet his !

Colors, too, are vents
 For poetry—hence buntings of bright hue—
 Most fitly called for such occasions "loud"—
 Buttons and bonfires, pictures, scarfs, rosettes
 And flags—these all are symbols eloquent
 To speak, and so relieve the speechless soul,
 And publish forth and satisfy the dumb.

'Twas close to midnight when the awakening spark
 Fell on our magazine—a sudden flash
 From the electric wire—(miraculous,
 Amazing, wonderful, if we would think,
 That there could be such wire and vocal flash—
 But wonder in our age is dying out,
 Or we would sometimes haply take a thought
 Of what it means that converse may be held
 At ease across six thousand miles of sea ;
 Of what it means ? nay, who can tell me that
 Can fathom, grasp, expound and understand
 The abyss of man and nature !)

As I said,

'Twas close to midnight when the tidings came—

A piece of news of import adequate
To touch the springs of innate poetry ;
And straight the city, town and village rose,
Rushed headlong to the streets, all eyes, I ween,
In finest frenzy rolling, and at once—
Inspired as truly as bard ever was—
Wrote in wild characters of tumult, cheers,
Songs, handshakes, antics, capers, sweat and noise,
A poem of joy that night and all next day !
For was it not a poem ? Look below
The bedlam and you find pure sanity ;
Beneath the vulgar, the true spiritual ;
Beneath the madness, truth and soberness ;
For the deep human thought that found a voice
In such grotesquerie was the firm base—
Love, fellowship, right, brotherhood of man—
On which the poets evermore have built,
Homer and Shakespeare, Dante, Milton, all
The laureates of mankind who ever spoke
For the whole race. It was no narrow rage
Of gloating o'er the beaten enemy,
Or frothy pride of arms, but splendid joy
That honorable war in honor fought
Was ended, and that fond Colonial homes
Might now be decked for welcome to the sons
Home-coming soon, for whom fond hearts have
yearned.

If tears were mingled in the pæan-song
They were at once the shining drops of pride
For our own kith and kin, and pity's meed
For a brave foe fall'n in a wretched cause.
True, harum-scarum boys rushed up and down

With guys of fearsome aspect, wearing hats
Of antiquated pattern, doomed to flame,
'Mid cries of "Down with Kruger"—true enough;
But in the crowd, that soft-toned, woman's voice
Which muttered "Poor old man, I feel for him,"
Went deeper than the surface-fun, and spoke
The nobler base on which our nation rests;
For no true poet ever hated man,
Tho' hating deeds and policies of men;
And so it was that day. Stark mad, say you?
A wild abandonment of dignity
And common sense! Perhaps—undoubtedly;
But when, in all immortal literature,
Was line or stanza ever yet produced
By poet in a moment of severe
And conscious dignity?
 'Twas worth the price
Of one full day's decorum, doubt it not!
We had a glorious thought and gloriously
We uttered it!

CANADA'S AUTUMN.

UPON the hill-top Admiration stands
Glowing with rapture, while her roaming eyes
Dance with delight ; no sound, no whispered word
Comes from her parted lips ; her bosom heaves,
Her aspect speaks, but utterable words
Were now a desecration—such a scene !

A noble valley, stretching league on league
To the far hills that meet the melting sky,—
A foreground of green fields and rushing streams,
Then for the rest a riot of all things
That make a sight to satisfy the heart ;
'Tis Autumn's picture for the annual show—
A water-color sketch—a masterpiece.
The composition is supreme, superb,
The light and shade, the feeling and the breadth
Are perfect, and the coloring, ye gods !
'Tis daring, 'tis defiant, 'tis divine !
'Twould seem the Titan artist, full inspired,
With swift long strides has late gone sweeping past,
Her palette blazing with a thousand tints,
And with deft, flashing hand has dash'd her brush
On copse and grove and forest, nor in haste
Has slighted humble grass and low-born weed,
For everything, from shrub to noblest tree,
Her magic has transformed. The sober land

Breaks with her passing into mad display
Like Quaker turned at once to Harlequin ;
Dim and afar we see her speeding on,
Still playing the Impressionist, and catch
In the faint rustle of the falling leaves
The echo of her laughter as she flies.

For this is Autumn's oft repeated jest ;
And she anticipates with hoyden glee
How scarlet trees and purple underbrush,
And yellow turf, and gay preposterous skies,
And daubs and masses of new tints and shades
On forest and on field—tints without names,
Wildly impossible to Art—shall shock
The eye-glass'd critic folk who know it all !

THE CANADY FARMER.

REMARKS BY SLICK JIM, THE REFORMED HAY-FORK MAN.



I HAIN'T no college student, ner deeply
lerner in books—

I 'spose most folks would rank me with the
fakirs and the crooks—

But I've studied human Natur' and took a
high degree

In the school of Ole Experience—Life's Uni-
versity.

An' I calkilate I'm posted, if any feller is,
On the subjeck of the Farmer, and the
entire farmin' biz.,

An' I jest proceed to mention that them comic paper
chaps

Is 'way off in their reck'nin' when they make them funny
scraps.

I read 'em in the papers—'bout old hayseed from the farm
Who goes to town a visitin', an' allus comes to harm ;

How bunco-steerers tackles him, and 'peers to be quite
thick,

An' gits his money from him an' fools him with a brick.

An' sometimes they hev picters showin' Hayseed lookin'
green,

An' wearin' go-to-meetin' clothes, the wust you ever seen ;

With big top-boots and duster, an' ole-style carpet bag,
Or drivin' through the city with a raw-bone, bobtail nag.



Them funny men an' artists seems to hev jes' one idee—
Thet the Farmer is a bloomin' chump and greenhorn jay,
you see ;
But that is where they're off their base and gives theirselves
away—
I'll back the av'rage farmer 'gin them smarties any day !

You understand I'm speakin' of the farmin' man I know
Which lives right here in Canady—all through Ontario ;
If the farmer over yender in the States, 'bout which I read,
Is the fool they make him out to be he's quite a different
breed.

I reckon I'm no sucker or I'd never got the name
“Slick Jim ”—what I was knowed by when I worked the
hay-fork game—
Or, ruther, tried to work it, a couple of years or so,
But had to give it up because the racket wouldn't go.

If farmers was the idiots them funny writers say,
 The'd be money in the hay-fork fake, an' I'd be rich to-day;
 But here I am a-peddlin' tins and livin' straight and fair,
 'Cos why? The's eddication an' knowledge in the air!

Wot chance hes fakirs got to thrive on pluckin' rural geese
 In a country where sound knowledge continners to increase?
 Where they hev Travellin' Dairies and Farmers' Institoots?
 They've got no use fer lightnin'-rod or hay-fork scheme
 galoots.

The Canady farmer mostly takes the *Farmer's
 Advocate*,

And gits posted on the markets and about the
 rates of freight,

An' on every new invention an' all the latest frauds,
 So the fakir's got to git, you see, or work 'gin fear-
 ful odds.



An' then, agin, them comic chaps gits up some measly jokes
 Along anuther line of thought about the farmin' folks—
 They hev the gall—they city dudes, who never does no
 work—

To picter farmers settin' round, their laber fer to shirk!

Jes' look at this here sample, to show you what they do—
 I clipped it from a paper; jest read them verses through;
 I'll stop till you hev read 'em—

“ Thar's nuthin' much to do, yer see,
 Nuthin' much ter do.
 Th' shingles mostly off th' barn
 An' let th' rain right through.

Thar ain't no use o' stowin' hay
 Right whar 'twill mildew every day,
 'Twould be good labor throwed away,
 Thar's nuthin' much ter do.

“ Thar's nuthin' much to do, by gee !
 Nuthin' much ter do.
 Th' fences all down in th' lot,
 An' let the cows right through.
 Thar hain't no use o' sowing wheat
 Th' neighbors' cattle fer to eat ;
 I'd sooner sit and rest my feet—
 Thar's nuthin' much ter do.”

Now, I make bold to say,
 The' hain't a farmin' man like that in all of Canady !

If I was huntin' lazy folks, I'd 'spect 'em to be found
 Where comic paper writers and artists most abound—
 A lot of long-haired, shiftless coons, with nothin'
 more to do
 Than git off things like the above, that's neither
 fair ner true.

The farmin' man's a worker from cradle unto grave,
 Instead of bein' an idler, he's nigher to a slave ;
 An' I only wish thet things wus fixed so, after doin'
 his best,
 The farmer would get decent pay and time to take
 a rest.



International.

AT THE ANGLO-SAXON BANQUET.

“ A lasting friendship between the two nations can be secured, not by frothy sentimentality on public platforms, but by reciprocal advantages in solid, material interests.”—*Saturday Review*.



MR. BULL (*loq.*):

'ERE, Sam, old chap, sit down a bit in the conservatory,
W're we'll be out of range, you know, of deaf'nin' shouts
of glory
From yonder banquet 'all, w're, 'neath the flags festooned
together,
Your folks and mine are settin' forth that they're birds of a
feather,

And cheerin' of theirselves so 'oarse, and most uproarious
waxin',
To hemphasize their gratitude at bein' Hanglo-Saxon ;

And 'ow they're from the self same stock, and 'ave the
same traditions,
The same ideas of justice, and the very same hambitions.

I don't 'ave no objections to these 'appy family meetins',
And heloquent horations and hinternational greetins',
And wavin' of Old Glory along with Britain's banner ;
I wouldn't hinterfere with such in any form or manner.

I'm glad to see 'em sittin' down and feastin' good and 'earty
Around a Henglish-speakin' board, a reg'lar jolly party,
Because it shows old bygone sores, that seemed beyond all
'ealin',
'Ave been completely cured, and now we 'ave a proper
feelin'.

So let em' drink their toasts, and cheer, and make poetic
speeches,
W'ile we sit down and 'ave a talk, 'ere w'ere the row won't
reach us ;
And w'ile they spout from Tennyson and Lowell verses rosy,
We'll deal with t'other side of it—the side that's simply
prosy.

'Ave a cigar ? Well, Sam, look 'ere, w'ile I throw no wet
blankets
On pretty talk of unity at all these bloomin' banquets,
Yet we're both sane, 'ard 'eaded men, and know it's simply
mockin'
All genuine alliance if it should end in talkin'.

(Not that I mean alliance put down with pen on paper,
My own opinion bein' such would be a foolish caper),
But wot I mean is joinin' 'earts and 'elpin' one another,
And hactin' in a general way as brother ought to brother.

That sort of union we can 'ave, and we must 'ave 'ereafter,
Or all this talk is cracklin' thorns and like a hidiot's
laughter ;

And wot does such a union mean? Not simply flags
paradin',

But solid mutual 'elp as well, especially in tradin'.

It's 'ard to say the word, dear Sam, but still it must be
stated—

All hover Europe and the heast, by black and w'ite you're
'ated ;

Houtside of this tight little isle, there's not a bloomin'
nation

That loves you any more than they love me, your near
relation !

W'y, even the friends you used to 'ave in all them foreign
places—

'Oo watched your young Republic 'orse go through 'is tidy
paces,

And, as the friends of freedom, 'ad hope—they're friends
no longer.

They're with your foes to-day, and curse with them, but
rather stronger.

For w'y? Well, w'en you started in, they say, you just
pretended

To be oppression's foe, but as a grabber you 'ave ended ;

One lot say you're a 'ipocrite, and show your British breedin',
And t'others say you've proved a fraud and left poor Free-
dom bleedin'.

The Phillipines affair, you see, is wot 'as soured their spirits ;
You used to stand for peace, but now you boast of warlike
merits ;
You've stepped houtside your boundary and broke your
constitution,
And now, they say, you're just like me, and that means
worse than Rooshan.

You're a disturbin' helement, and so they're bound to 'ate
you,
That's w'y their papers heveryw'eres so scurrilously rate you ;
And that is w'y there's not a 'eart or 'and extended to you
In hall this bloomin' 'emisphere but mine ; that's how they
view you.

Such bein' so, 'ow comes it, Sam, you got that Spanish
cession,
As you would say, "just slick as grease," and now are in
possession
Of Philipines and so forth ? W'y didn't all the powers
That growled around the conference step in and say,
" They're ours ? "

'Ave you considered that, old chap ? I'll take my haffy-
davy
I know the w'y ; 'twas owin' to a certain party's navy—
The same that seemed to stop the way to any hinterferin'
W'en you we're freein' Cuba—or leastwise, so I'm 'earin'.

Your weed is done ; there, 'elp yourself, as did your 'ero
Dewey—

Take a Manilla ! 'Ow's that joke? . . . Well, Sam,
for methods Jewey

I 'ave no use, but "biz is biz"—I quote your own old
sayin'—

And all these solid favors of mine deserve repayin'.

That's wot they call the quid pro quo at Hoxford, 'mong
the scholars,

A Latin term that means fair scales in services or dollars
By way of honest tradin' rights and doors of commerce
open

Where'er you plant your flag abroad—no high protection
ropin'.

It means you deal with Canada in manner generous 'anded,
An' w'en that China fuss comes on your ships with mine
be banded ;

Our business hinterests are alike in that wide eastern
hocean,

W'ile "Progress, peace and freedom" is a Hanglo-Yankee
notion.

You've launched upon a great career, a civilizin' mission,
You need a powerful friend, and I'm the chap for that
position :

Then, 'elp for 'elp—there, Sam, that's all, let's go back to
the table

Feeling that banquet heloquence 'as a business basis stable.

"THE OPEN DOOR."

Russia proposed to close China to all trade except her own, thus making a "closed door" of what had been "an open door" for centuries.

JOHN BULL spake out in accents clear,
With something of the lion's roar,
(His cousin Sam was standing near)—
"Hello! You there on China's shore,
There's got to be an Open Door!
What say you, Sam?"
Cries Sam, "Encore!"

"This wholesale changing of the map
By the great powers everywhere
May be all right—and I'm the chap
Who takes the cake, they all declare,
But with the world my cake I share,
What say you, Sam?"
Cries Sam, "Ah there!"

"The 'Open Door' for one and all,
Free Trade in every blessed spot
Where I am ruler—at the pole
Or in the tropics; cold or hot—
Fair field for all the blooming lot—
What say you, Sam?"
Cries Sam, "That's what!"

"I've got some millions to be fed,
And markets I must somehow get :
My life depends upon my trade ;
All round the world I spread my net,
And for free commerce I am set,
What say you, Sam ?"
Cries Sam, "You bet !"

"I've got no use for Chinese walls—
We want no more, but rather fewer—
And, by my ten-pound cannon balls,
And first-class battleships galore,
This sort of thing I won't endure—
What say you, Sam ?"
Cries Sam, "Why, sure !"

"My policy all round is Peace,
My mission is to spread the light ;
I rule the waves that war may cease,
But in my arm's resistless might,
And for free markets I will fight !
What say you, Sam ?"
Cries Sam, "That's right !"

"Say 'sphere of influence' if the phrase
More diplomatically flows
Than 'Open Door'—but don't you raise,
My friends, lest you become my foes,
Trade barriers ; we may come to blows—
What say say you, Sam ?"
Cries Sam, "That goes !"

The Gang—ah, pardon me—the Powers
Retire to think a season, so
John turns to Sam and says : “ ’Tis ours,
Not mine alone, but ours, to show
The path on which world trade must go.
Hey, Sam ? ”
Cries Sam, “ It-is-you-know ! ”

“ In fack, I calkilate,” says he,
“ ’Twould be a ruther grand affair
If out thar on the Yellow Sea,
With your old flag mine should appear ;
My duty in this thing seems clear—
What say you, John ? ”
Cries Bull, “ ’Ear ! ’Ear ! ”

CRETE.

АН ! here is news to make our British blood
Leap in our veins ! The age of chivalry
Has burst the fetters of the age of gold !
Saint George has drawn the sword for tortured Crete,
And fronts the Moslem dragon single arm'd ;
Nay, 'gainst the formal protest of the powers,
Who, allied in a mutual distrust,
Abate their Christian faith for policy,
And serve Mahomet's spawn. Their men-of-war
Roar angry chorus round the frenzied isle,
And bid the champion pause ; in vain their roar ;
“ My cause is God's ! ” he cries with hero's mien,
Turning an unblanched face on their array,
“ My cause is God's, in whose great name I trust,
He will defend the right, though all the world
Rise up in arms against it ; powers are great
When they have holy purpose. Ye are weak,
Leagued in a cancerous cause, unnerved by shame,
Who stand for hell and Sultan ; why should I,
Who serve the God of Gideon, fear your threats ! ”

Well spoke, St. George !

Yea, tho' thou fall in this brave enterprise,
And be o'erwhelmed by the brutal odds,
All time shall hold thy memory in its heart,
And all of Saxon blood shall evermore
Stand straight with pride at mention of thy name ;

Thy English name ! What ! not St. George,
Great Britain's glory, but King George of Greece ?
And what is this ? Nay, nay, 'tis brazen false,
Our England's voice the foremost in the pack
Of hounds that serve the Turk and bark so loud !
They lie ! Or if they speak but half the truth,
Let pity find some spot where Saxon shame
May hide her burning face !

HEROIC BRITAIN.

NOBLE old Isle, thy foes of late
Have called thee many an ugly name ;
Their judgments, speaking for their hate,
Have challenged thy historic claim
To greatness that is truly great
In character of man or State.

When o'er the sea in might did pour
Prompt horse and foot to Table Bay,
And from each leal colonial shore
Thy true-soul'd sons rushed to the fray,
These critics sneered—"A first-class power,
Seeking to crush the simple Boer."

"Brute strength ! a bully-coward's odds !
The lust of gold—the greed of gain—
The war a scheme of knaves and frauds"—
So ran the critical refrain ;
With mockery of winks and nods
O'er "financiers" as Britain's gods.

And when at kopje, nek or drift
Thy columns meet repulse or check,
How loud the laugh of glee ; how swift
The prophecy of final wreck !
How still and grim when fortunes shift,
And momentary vapors lift !

Through all, deep patience was thy part,
Calm front, good conscience, strong reserve,
Lamb gentleness in Lion heart ;
No rash retort, no halt, no swerve,
Disdain of falsehood's poisoned dart ;
How splendidly thou stood'st apart !

“Brute strength and conquest,” thy ideal,
The shallow, carping critic says,
Yet what has made the strong appeal
To thy home millions all these days ?
Has London shaken with the peal
Of joy bells o'er mere deeds of steel ?

Has it been news of battle won
That has set loose the Empire's cheer ?
Has it been bloody work of gun
That has to thee been chiefly dear ?
No ! thy great pulse has leaped and run
Only at the heroic done !

Noble old Isle, though foes of late
Have called thee many an ugly name ;
Though in their blind and frenzied hate
They've sought to dim thy ancient fame,
In greatness that is truly great
Thou'rt still the one Imperial State !

ARMENIA.

ARMENIA, site of Eden's primal bliss,
And scene of man's primæval tragedy,
Whose darkness yet doth veil thy weeping sky,
Whose memory is renewed in tears and blood,
Written afresh upon thy hills and homes
From day to day. Thou mayest not forget
That Adam sinned and fell, and, white with fear,
In shame and nakedness was driven forth
With trembling Eve ; yet it is haply thine
To call to mind the Father's promise, too :
" The woman's seed shall bruise the serpent's head,"
And so thou may'st well raise imploring hands
To heaven and cry, " How long, O Lord, how long !"
For here, tho' Adam full redeemed by Christ
Still groans and suffers in th' Armenian race,
That Serpent's spawn, the subtle, cruel Turk,
With slimy trail pollutes the Garden yet
And works his deadly will !
Hath God not heard the cry ? What spirit now stirs
The Christian nations and makes hot their hearts
But His, who came to set the captive free,
And who is now enthroned o'er kings and lords
In all the earth—Jesus of Nazareth ?
His pity, touching England's fervid soul,
Finds speech through Gladstone's lips,
And the electric words flash round the earth

To wake humanity. Now to the task !
No paltering longer with this lying dupe
Of the False Prophet ; if the Prince of Peace
Forbids His followers to draw the sword
And smite off in quick wrath the sodden ear
That has been deaf to warnings, threats and prayers—
If indignation may not have her way,
And wreak the vengeance swift and terrible
For which Armenian valleys cry to God
Against the flabby Turk ; if still his bulk
By force of diplomatic needs must squat
Upon the Bosphorus, like ugly toad
Beside a fairy pool ; if his black heart
Must still be shielded by his hellish creed
From human instinct—now at least his hands
Must be and shall be chained from further crimes !

THE COLONIES TO THE WORLD.

WHY spring our sons to service
In Britain's cause to-day ?
Why flash our sabres, eager
To share in Britain's fray ?
Think ye 'tis Law constrains us,
Or duty's cold decree ?
No ! 'tis Love's mighty impulse—
The fealty of the free !

On right and left of Britain,
Loyal and unafraid,
Stand kith and kin, who love her
For the enemies she's made ;
Foes, of the bomb and dagger,
Foes, of the tongue and pen,
Foes who, with hearts that hate her,
Hate, too, the weal of men.

All round the earth her scorers
Are bred in every land ;
In thrice a thousand cabals
Her overthrow is planned ;
Yet where's the land so darken'd,
So poor, so lost to shame,
But holds a saving remnant
To reverence Britain's name ?

The baser jibe and flout her,
And prate with ribald tongues
Of rankling present evil
Sprung from age-cankered wrongs ;
The nobler bid them hearken
To the travail and the strife
That tell the good cause growing
With a more abundant life.

These choicer souls, with vision
Of Liberty and Right,
Ask us not why we muster
To-day in serried might ;
They know that Britain's war-drum
No base bond-servant calls ;
They know that, fall our Empire,
And Freedom's temple falls.

Do others seek our reasons—
Ask why we gladly pay ?
Why lion-like we gather
At the lion's side to-day ?
We answer calm and steadfast,
That all the world may know,
In Britain's enemy we see
The face of mankind's foe !

THE KURDS.

THE Devil, in unwonted merry vein,
With the Great Powers of Europe at his side,
Gazed down upon the wide Armenian plain
To see the Kurdish thieves—his special pride—
Forth from their mountain hiding-places ride
To do the Turkish Sultan's bidding yet again.

Russia and France and Germany were there,
And Italy and Austria, Christian maids,
And Britain stalwart, with fair Saxon hair ;
And all wore crests and shields, with warlike air,
And glittering armor and keen-flashing blades.

The Devil grinned, and rubbed his hands with glee,
And pointed to the village at their feet ;
“Just wait a moment, honored friends,” said he,
“And some rare sport I promise you shall see,
Such sport as hell itself would find it hard to beat !”

“Ah ! here they come, we have not watched in vain,”
Down from the further hills, upon the words,
In whirlwind sweep of horsemen o'er the plain,
Came swarthy hordes on loose and flying rein—
The Abdul-Hamid Cavalry—the Devil's Own—the Kurds.

Banditti, black of heart as black of hair,
With lust and murder glaring from their eyes,
Yet licensed by that wretch whose name they bear,
“Abdul, the Damned,” whose uniform they wear,
To work their will until God's heavy vengeance rise.

“See!” cries the Devil, trembling with delight,

“See the Armenian village how it cowers,
As you have seen a lamb, in piteous plight,
Standing at bay before a tiger’s might—

Do ye not find it interesting, Oh Great Powers?”

“Hear the wild shrieks of women in despair,

Hark! ’tis the children screaming as they cling,
See yon old pastor with the snow-white hair
With outstretched hands and face upturned in prayer,
And listen! a death-song his faithful people sing.

And now—” but here the Devil turned away,

And hid his face and dropped his merry mood,
A timely cloud in pity veiled the day,
The Powers of Europe sickened where they stood—
The Kurds had come—there rose a mist of blood
To dim the nameless horrors that beneath held sway.

.

The watchers on the crest looked down again

Where late the village was, but now is not ;
A thousand gory corpses strew the plain,
And black and smoking ruins mark the spot
Upon the beauteous vale—a horrid blot,
Where Christ’s Armenians cried for help, but cried in vain.

Massacred in the Sultan’s holy name !

Dishonored, mutilated, every one !

Nay, hold ! sweet childhood yet hath power to tame

These fiends—their hearts have yet some jot of shame,

See ! scores of infants live, tho’ now the butchery’s done.

And look ! the little ones are gently led
 (A sight at which the Devil almost weeps)
To a clear space that is not swimming red,
And is not littered with the staring dead,
 Apart from murdered kindred thrown in bloody heaps.

The Powers look on. Quoth Russia, "It is clear
 These Kurds are slandered in the public press,"
(Whereat the Devil gives a sidelong leer)
 "Some bowels of compassion they possess,
 I scarcely should have thought it, I confess—
E'en to the hardest hearts the innocent are dear !"

Her sisters bow assent as maids beguiled ;
 And now the Innocents are in a row,
All lying on the green sward, child to child
 With even heads. Quoth Satan, bending low,
 "Please give your best attention ; this, you know,
Is the rare sport I spoke of, Oh ! ye Powers mild."

And now the bandits, boisterous in their joke,
 Draw off a space, to gallop down the line,
And he who at top speed, with sabre stroke
Most heads can sever. . . . Not a Nation spoke,
 And not a sword leaped forth, O Christ divine,
To avenge the unmatched wrongs of these poor babes of
 Thine !

January 12th, 1896.



A SCOTCH ENGINEER'S ADDRESS TO SPAIN.*

OH, aye, I gar my engines shine,
 An' industry wi' brains combine,
 My wages—aye, they suit me fine—
 The job's a' richt ;
 But, Maister Spain, it's no my line
 Wi' kith to ficht !

A'll stay an' dae hael-herted wark
 'Gainst Rooshian, Gearman, French, or Turk,
 An' nae stern duty wull a' shirk
 To gar Spain win ;
 But in ma breist soft feelins lurk
 For my ain kin.

* See Note II.

'Tis true the Yankee mayna' be
A Presbyterian like me,
Nor diz he speak sae pearfeckly
Oor mither tongue ;
But fecht wi' him—I canna dae
A thing sae wrang !

There's maybe pints a' dinna lo'e,
An' ithers that fair gar me grue
About his government, it's true—
Things far frae guid ;
But then, ye ken, there's ithers, too,
That show his bluid.

His flag is no juist like oor ain—
A' mean the Breetish, Maister Spain—
No' juist sae simple-like an' plain,
Wi' ts strips and stars ;
But wi' oor Jock for Richts o' Men,
The breeze it shares !

Na', na', a' see the day's at han'
When Saxons maun thegither stan'
In Leeberty's maist holy ban'
'Gainst banded foe ;
An' there, thegither in the van,
Thae flags maun flow !

Sae, Maister Spain, a'll need tae gang
Frae this auld lan' o' dance an' sang,
An' drop the job a've had sae lang,
A'm greatly fearin' ;
Yer ain folk maun juist get the hang
O' engineering.

THE TOUCH OF NATURE.*



OFF 'Ell on Earth, trim and well manned,
 Our 'andsome cruiser lay—
 That's what we calls the Sultan's land
 (A chap as I can't 'ardly stand
 From wot I've 'eard 'em say).

The wind was off the bloomin' shore,
 And blow'd across the town,
 All day long we 'eard a roar
 That some'ow made our in'ards sore
 And kep' our spirits down.

And every now'n agin a squeal
 Would cut right through the noise :
 "It sounds like killin' pigs," ses Bill,
 "A job as allus make me ill,
 I 'ate to 'ear it, boys !"

"Ole Abdul 'e don't eat no pork,"
 Ses little Jimmy Briggs,
 "'E's sech a 'ellish pious Turk,
 Them squeals you 'ear means bloody work,
 But they ain't killin' pigs !

* See Note III.

The Sultan's set them Kurdish blokes
To 'ave a massacree ;
Them devils or the Bash Bazooks
Is butch'rin' the Arminyin folks,
That's 'ow it sounds to me ! ”

And Jimmy 'e was right, by Jove,
For, as 'e spoke the words,
We see a boat 'longside us shove,
Rowed by a pore old, ragged cove,
'Oo 'ollered out “ the Kurds ! ”

'E 'ad three wimmin in that boat,
Besides three hother men ;
I never seed sech guys afloat ;
It fetched a lump up in my throat
As wouldn't down again !

They didn't 'ave no clothes but rags,
And they was bruised and cut ;
Wot broke our 'arts, though, was their heyes
Were 'ope and terror and surprise
Was fairly blazin' out.

Our Capt'in talks their lingo, so
'E chivvied to the game ;
“ Take 'em aboard and safe below ! ”
Ses 'e, and we was not so slow
A-doin' of the same.

Tho' it was not a heasy job,
For they would 'ug our knees,
And lawff, and kiss our 'ands, and sob,
Till we could 'ear our own 'arts throb
As foolish as you please.

But that's the work a British tar
Is proud to take in 'and ;
'E's proud a British man-o'-war
Means 'elp for suff'ers near and far,
As tyrants understand !

So down we pops 'em safe enough
In our good steward's care,
W'en up 'longside, a-looking rough,
A Turkish squad in gold and stuff,
Comes like a robbed she-bear.

Up spoke the cove as ruled the mess :
" Them people is aboard,
And by Mahomet's 'oly fez
You've got to give 'em up ! " 'e ses,
A-wavin' of 'is sword.

'E said them words in French, you know ;
Our Cap. made answer clear—
" Ma'omet's 'oly fez be blow,
Go 'ome and tell ole Abdul so :
Them folks will stay right 'ere ! "

The Turk was mad as blazes then,
And vowed 'e'd bring a force
And take 'em spite of all our men—
In 'arf an 'our 'e'd come again—
And steamed off with a curse.

A foreign cruser not fur off
We signall'd to for aid ;
'E signall'd back, the bloomin' toff,
It was'nt legal, or sech stuff—
The geezer was afraid !

Just then, a-steamin' up the bay
A Yankee liner came,
A keepin' comp'ny on the way
'Long with a man-o-war so gay,
In Stars and Stripes the same.

“ Ha ! ” cries our Cap, “ 'ere's flesh and blood ;
Once more that signal set ! ”
The Yank replied—we knowed 'e would,
And this is 'ow 'is signal stood :
“ Right, Johnny Bull, you bet ! ”

So up they comes and on our deck
The Yankee captain stands,
Ses 'e, “ Friend John, there ain't a speck
O' diffrence 'twixt us—blood is thick ! ”
And so the two shook 'ands.

That's w'y that blood-stained Turkish 'ound
Thought best to keep away ;
And w'y them pore Arminyins found
Theirselves aboard the liner, bound
For Yankee land that day.

And that is w'y I'm brimmin' full
O' curses good and 'ot
For any mortals knave or fool
'Oo'd talk of war 'twixt Sam and Bull—
The duffer should be shot !

PEACE.



O'ER veldt and mountain of the blood-
 stained land
 Long dim with smoke of battle,
 cometh June
 Across the flowery meadows, hand-
 in-hand
 With white-robed Peace ; and every
 copse and dune
 Awakes with melody ; and glorious
 noon
 Of summer breaks, and banishes the
 spell
 Of War's drear, dark and heavy-laden
 days ;

Welcome the blessed Maid with pealing bell,
 And songs, and garlands and triumphant bays ;
 And reverent kneel, and offer up to God the praise !

Well timed, sweet June ! for doubtless thou dost bring
 The angel of the olive branch to share
 The Coronation fete of Britain's King,
 And of his consort, Alexandra fair,
 To give new splendor to that pageant rare ;
 Yea ! Peace enthroned above the royal car,—

Her heavenly radiance, like the moon's mild beam,
Falling upon the serried ranks of war,
Will typify Humanity's fond dream
Of that blest day when hostile swords no more shall
gleam.

With healing in thy wings thou comest, Peace,
To hearts long racked with fever of unrest ;
The toils, the tramlings and the tumults cease ;
Victor and vanquished now alike are blest,
And honor's badge disdains not either breast,
For both were valiant ; for the slain we weep,
And for the living pray, that now thy balm
May, by heaven's blessing, heal the rancors deep ;
And so, in time, as brothers, palm-in-palm,
These foemen twain may grow to one 'mid freedom's
calm.



THE CHARGE AT DARGAI RIDGE.

OCTOBER 20, 1897.

THE standards of the tribesmen waved
On Dargai's rocky Height,
Eight thousand dark fanatics raved
In triumph and delight,
And hurled defiance at the foe—
The thwarted British far below.

What ! take the Ridge ? Well, devils could,
Who wore a ghostly shape ;
But it is not in flesh and blood
To dare it and escape ;
To climb in Indian file and gain
The top—'tis not in mortal men !

But up the trail, man after man,
The swarthy Ghurkas rushed,
And closely following their van
The English regiments pushed—
The Dorsetshires and Devonshires,
Right gallant sons of gallant sires.

Up, up the winding column crept,
While, at the Ridge's base
The batt'ries covered them and swept
The foeman's hiding place ;
Bravo ! they've struggled half the way—
But halt ! no further ! there they stay.

Why not advance ? the list of dead
Is grimly growing, true ; but that
They reckoned on—nay, push ahead,
What are our heroes halting at ?
A wide dip yawns across the path,
A veritable vale of death.

A fire-zone of a hundred yards—
Fit shambles for a slaughter dire—
Which no artillery-shelling guards,
And open to the tribesmen's fire ;
The swarming foe in triumph scream ;
The cliff-top bursts into a flame !

Down stream the bullets, hissing hot,
A shrieking hurricane of death
Upon the unprotected spot,
And the most daring holds his breath ;
Has British valor, then, decayed
Since Balaclava's Light Brigade ?

No ! " On, brave Ghurkas ! " At the word
The pigmies dash into that hell,
Their ranks are shattered, while the horde
High in the rocky trenchments yell—
Dorsets and Devons forward run,
But leaden tempests mow them down.

The dip is piled with corpses stark
And drenched with blood ; the onrush stayed ;
The leader signals, frowning dark,
" This devil's-passage can't be made ! "
Then cries the General—" Gordons, cross
And take that Ridge whate'er the loss ! "

The Kilties fall in with a will,
Each soldier steady in his place ;
" Our orders are to take yon hill,"
Matthias cries, " though hell's to face—
We'll cross the dip tho' demons rake it,
The Gordon Highlanders will take it !

" Forward ! " and with a whirlwind force
The Gordons swarm up to the dip,
And o'er its verge, their dauntless course
Unstayed across the gory strip,
The skirling pipes still lilting forth
The nerving strain, " Cock o' the North ! "

Five sturdy pipers lead the way
Facing the withering bullet-gale,
“Cock o’ the North” they pipe away,
Scorning the swish of leaden hail—
Then one pipe for an instant stops,
One piper, sorely wounded, drops.

But scarcely does he cease the strain—
A wavering drone, a yell, a shake,
Then high and wild and clear again
The air bursts forth without a break,
The piper propped against a stone
With both legs shattered, so plays on !

Yes, there, while heroes round him fall
And rushing comrades, sword in hand
Breast the terrific storm of ball
Across the narrow neck of land,
He sits like shepherd free from care
Piping the regimental air.

The honor of the Highland name
Could not in safer keeping be ;
“Cock o’ the North,” man, but you’re game ;
You’ve piped the lads to victory ;
For now, behold, they’ve scaled the Height,
And the stern foe is in full flight !

Men of the Gordons, proud and bold,
That day will be remembered well,
And that wild charge shall e’er be told
When of great deeds the grandsires tell—
And “Cock o’ the North” shall be an air
To stir men’s pulses everywhere !

Miscellaneous.

IRELAND'S WELCOME TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

SURE, it's proud and conceited we are then to hail ye,
No spring time in Erin was iver so green,
In castle and cabin 'tis "caed mille failthe,"
'Tis "God bless the woman and God save the Queen !"

Our warm Irish hearts, ever full iv devotion
To all iv your sex, be they lofty or low,
Greet you, gracious Lady, wid holy emotion
That speaks not in words, but in tears that o'erflow !

You are Queen in our realm, an' 'tis proudly we own you,
For where is the match for the sceptre you sway ?
Yet 'tis Queen iv our bosoms this day we'd enthrone you,
Wid no crown but your hair, dear, so rivrend an' grey.

'Twas yourself, God presarve you, that taught a fine lesson
To dunces in office, dull, witless an' blind,
Whin you spoke the small word that turned cursin' to
blessin',
An' showed that thrue wisdom is ivermore kind.

The eye iv the dullard sees nought in a symbol
But the symbol itself, be it ribbon or flower ;
But the soul iv the poet is all iv a trimble
At the meanin' beneath it—its pathos an' power.

'Tis only a plant very humble an' lowly,
The little green shamrock—but well did you know
To us 'tis the emblem iv memories holy,
Iv laughter an' sorrow, iv triumph an' woe.

Sure, Scotchmen an' Welshmen were niver forbidden
To wear in your army the thistle an' leek ;
But the poor Irish soldier—his badge must be hidden,
His shamrock was bann'd by those autocrats weak.

An' 'twas your royal lips that proclaimed he should wear it ;
You gave the word boldly to all the wide world,
An' the winds, that were whisperin' your praises, did bear it
Whereiver your conquerin' flag is unfurled.

An' so on St. Patrick's own day in the mornin'
The sun that arose on your realm in the east
Saw all through his course the sweet shamrock adornin'
Brave bosoms iv Irishmen holdin' their feast.

Beyant there in Africa, Roberts displayed it
O'er a heart that is kind as the heart iv' his Queen ;
An' on many a poor wounded Paddy they laid it—
Sure, the sick an' the well were all wearin' the green.

An' Buller, brave lad, see the dacency iv him
Whin he marched into Ladysmith grandly that day ;
At the head iv' his army (may Belfast forgive him !)
He placed the home rulers—the Dublins so gay !

An' now, bless your sowl ! you've braved the raw weather—
Tho' Italy's summer is temptin' your years—
An' come to our shores—sure, our hearts would be leather
Entirely if this did not touch them to tears.

An' why did you come, all the throuble endurin',
Wid age an' infirmity makin' it hard ?
Just to give to ould Ireland your tender assurin',
To thank her brave regiments, an' show your regard !

An' the thought was your own—no Minister planned it,
It sprung from the heart iv you, gentle an' wise—
Distrust an' suspicion could not understand it,
The demon iv discord was dumb wid surprise !

Wid this act is the spirit iv strife disappointed ;
At this touch iv wise love evil passions decline ;
'Tis the act iv a Queen an' a woman anointed
To rule by a right that is truly divine.

Then, "caed mille failthe !" our arms they are open,
To our hearts an' our homes thousand welcomes, colleen !
Hibernia embraces thee, prayin' an' hopin'
That Britain may yet be as kind as her Queen !

“IRONSIDES.” *

“ A REGIMENT or two like the ‘ Ironsides,’
Of Cromwell’s strenuous day,
To leaven the army, and make our cause
Invincible in the fray ! ”
’Tis the uttered high-aspiring wish
Of our brave Lord Wolseley.

And what, then, were those warriors like ?
Men of more graceful mien,
Of gentler breeding and fairer looks
Than any that serve our Queen ?
With more brilliant dress and accoutrement,
Than our army since hath seen ?

And what was the leaven, then, they spread ?
The noble, patrician air ?
The courtly bearing, the kingly grace,
The gallantry debonnair ?
The subtle charm that gentlemen born
Are evermore known to wear ?

If this be the stamp of the “ Ironsides ”
Of Oliver’s gray old land,
Why cannot our Wolseley have his wish,
And muster his regiments grand
From the rank and file of the choicest troops
Now under his own command ?

* See Note IV.

Let him pass the plain Tommy Atkins by,
 (Who does soldiering as a trade,)
He has dukes, earls, baronets, younger sons,
 Enough for a whole brigade,—
Let him take his pick of ancestral homes,
 And his "Ironsides" are made.

(Poor Tommy's a wonderful chap to fight,
 But e'en Kipling would confess
He is not so handsome as one could wish—
 Even in khaki dress,—
And his Cockney slang does certainly give
 A delicate ear distress.)

Ah, no! 'twere not so simple a task ;
 More rare is the stuff he needs
Than the grace of rank, and the culture free
 From vulgarity's ugly weeds—
Though gallantly, too, your gentleman bred
 As a soldier fights and bleeds !

No ! the "Ironsides" old Oliver led
 So oft in resistless might,
Whatever their rank by birth, were Men,
 Men first, or in prayer or fight ;
Clear, earnest souls, who lived and died
 As in God Almighty's sight.

They were Men who, like their Captain, held
 A holy and high ideal ;
With soul and eye, whate'er befell,
 Fixed straight on the True and Real ;
Not glamor'd by show, but in heart and mind
 To God and their country leal.

Men to whom empty formula
Was a deadly sore offence ;
Who had a heartfelt, wholesome scorn
Of vanity and pretence ;
Who of the things of eternity
Had a deep, unspoken sense.

Men of broad-daylight piety,
Simple, grave, and sincere ;
To whom the teaching of the Christ
Was manifest, plain and clear ;
And in whose hearts the sacred word
Was a treasure living and dear.

Such were the Cromwell " Ironsides "
Who made our England free ;
And well may a clear-soul'd captain wish
Their like once more to see ;
With such we could front the world in arms,
Well said, gallant Wolseley !

PRIVATE MILLER.

HERE'S a story that is true—and comparatively new—

A story that my pen, I fear, of half its pathos robs ;
But tell it whoso will, with much or little skill,
It helps to make us understand why Tommy loves his
Bobs.

Private Miller, that is he, number thirty-two-nought-three ;
The giant of his regiment, and the strongest of them all
When they landed at the Cape, now a little out of shape,
As he lies there in the hospital a-staring at the wall.

A gaunt extent of bone, giving forth a casual groan,
His hairy arms a-lying on the cover, pale and weak ;
His skull cropped close and bare for the fever that is there,
And the thick and stubby beard upon his sallow, sunken
cheek.

Private Miller, true-born Scot, liked his fighting good and
hot ;

At Wynberg it was to his taste, at Koodesburg the same,
And at Belmont even more, for of wounds some half a score
The surgeons found upon him after that red field of fame.

But enteric has him now, and the doctors can't see how,
Without a special miracle, his life is to be saved ;
Yet he rallies from each faint, and remarks in accent
quaint :—

“Is the little man no' comin'? A' would like to hae a
shave.”

Twice the death-screen has been brought and adjusted
round the cot,

And twice good Sister Potter has nursed him back to life.
No beauteous maiden this, but a tall, plain-featured Miss,
Tho' one who has the soul that makes a jewel of a wife.

"Is the little man no' come?" Those oft-used words the
sum

Of that poor, weak giant's mutterings in the fever's fitful
glow ;

"No ; he wouldna' come tae me—aweel, I want tae dee" ;
And the nurse makes soothing promises and softy strokes
his brow.

Not mere idle words to soothe ; no, but words she hoped
were truth,

For she had sent a message to headquarters just before,
And now she notes a stir in the ward's still, solemn air,
And she sees the orderlies in line saluting at the door.

And she stoops and whispers clear : "Private Miller, he is
here ;

The little man is—"Wha said that?" "The little
man, you know—"

"Na, na, it isná' true ; I doot it wouldna' do ;
Forby, I'm sair unkempt, ye ken—a' couldna hae it so."

Then a light of ecstasy shines within the sunken eye,
As he strives to rise beneath the sister's kind, restraining
touch ;

Then, lying flushed and mute, he essays a swift salute,
Tho' his massive hand falls helplessly—the effort is too
much !

For beside the private's bed stands a little man and red,
The greatest soldier of the age, and the kindest Christian man ;

While the convalescents near sit up straight as if to cheer,
But a something seems to choke them all, and so upsets the plan.

And Lord Roberts, with a smile, sits him down a little while,

And takes the great, rough hand in his, and speaks a friendly word ;

And the soldiers love to tell that poor Miller soon got well,
But to say 'twas Bobs that did it—that, of course, would be absurd !

JUAN.

UP in the cab beside him the driver had his child,
Fair-haired, bright Juan, the pride of his home and heart,
And he showed him the shining levers that governed the
 "Arrow," and smiled
As the boy, with earnest glance, said, "Dad, I could make
it start !"

"Just stop here a moment, my laddie, I'm called ; I'll be
back just now,"
Said Driver Bill, jumping down, and leaving young Juan
alone.
"I could make it start and I'll do it." So with a proud
flush on his brow
He seized the lever and pulled it. "Ha, ha !" he laughed,
 "it is goin'."

Yes, the grim, obedient monster responded at once to the
call ;
The steam hissed loud in the pistons ; with a deep,
resounding throb
The cylinder shook ; a puff of black was belched from the
smoke-stack tall,
The giant wheels revolved. "Ha, ha !" laughed Juan,
 "I've done the job."

Yes ; a puny hand may start a force that no human power
can stay,
And with blanching face poor Driver Bill beheld what
his child had done ;
In vain the yardmen, shouting, ran wildly every way ;
“ God save my boy ! ” cried Bill ; “ he’s lost, he’s lost,
the engine’s gone ! ”

Swifter and swifter works the rod, and swifter spin the
wheels ;
With wild, defiant snort, and shaking out its mane of
smoke.
The “ Arrow,” like a conscious thing, its power and freedom
feels,
Leaps o’er the rails and jars and sways with every piston
stroke.

Poor Juan in the reeling cab has clutched a brazen bar,
And clings, half mad with terror, his face as white as
death ;
He thinks of home and mother, and gasps his little prayer,
For the wind the flying “ Arrow ” makes has robbed him
of his breath.

Swifter and ever swifter along the humming rails
The steaming monster dashes ; with a savage roar of
glee
It flashes past a station, where the lone flagman quails
At the tumultuous cyclone that’s gone ere he can see.

On, on in unchecked fury—God help the up express
If it has left Eureka just seven miles below,
Freighted with scores of passengers, who in their happiness
Are dreaming not of danger—thank God they cannot
know !

With haggard face Bill rushes into the agent's room,
“ Wire, quick, Eureka station—hold train—and—open
switch !
Quick—quick ! ” and o'er his features there falls a horrid
gloom—
He sees his darling mangled 'neath the engine in the ditch.

“ I give my son to save them,” he whispers, hoarse and
white,
As the agent's nimble fingers rattle off the message brief.
“ 'Tis done ; the train is held here ; the switch is thrown ;
all right,”
So comes the answer promptly. Bill shudders in his
grief.

For soon Eureka station sees the engine round the curve,
Growing bigger every moment as it comes enswarthed in
smoke ;
Then at the switch it swerves and reels, and men of iron
nerve
Turn and hide their eyes with horror as they hear the
awful shock.

A heap of twisted metals in a cloud of hissing steam,
And flames of red fire leaping from the openings in the
ruin,
And somewhere in the wreckage, where the cruel cinders
gleam,
Lies, crushed beyond all knowing, poor little darling Juan.

And Bill, the driver, mourns him in his humble, shadowed
home—

“Yet the train was saved, dear mother,” he whispers to
his wife;

And they think how God gave up his Son to death and to
the tomb

That sinners might not perish but have everlasting life.

THE DUDE IN THE LUMBER CAMP.

A NARRATIVE OF "FACKS," BY JOSIAH THE TRUTHFUL.



ROUND the lumber shanty fireplace, one cold
and stormy night,

The boys were gathered to enjoy the genial heat
and light ;

And pipes of sundry shades and strengths were
sending forth a cloud,

That filled the place with fragrance blue and
nearly hid the crowd.

A rude and wholesome supper had, as usual, closed
the day,

And now for these big brawny chaps has come the
hour of play ;

And the special form of pastime to-night is spinning yarns,
At which the champion, sans dispute, is huge Josiah
Barnes.

Josiah had a giant form and a very solemn face,
And told the toughest stories that found utterance in the
place ;

But he told 'em as the gospel truth, with ne'er a ghost of
smile,

As "ackshell facks he'd know'd hisself," and air devoid of
guile.

"I guess I never tole you 'bout that dude we had up here,
A-livin' in the shanty as a hand the other year?"

And looking slowly round the crowd he met a general shout
Of negatives, politely backed with cries of "Spit it out!"

"Well," said Josiah the Truthful, "you see his Dandyship,
He came up to the limit that summer fer a trip,
And camped out with a party of other
dudes from town,
Jest nigh the river yender, to git their
skins done brown.

"You'd see 'em out a-fishin', or bathin'
—every one

A-holdin' up their faces and bare arms
to the sun ;

They on'y had a fortnight, and wanted
it to 'pear

They'd bin away a-roughin' it abroad fer 'bout a year.



"Well, in about two weeks or so they all went back
agin

Exceptin' this here rooster, a feller small and thin,
With legs jes like two matches and a little red mus-
tache,

A-wearin' a blazer jacket and a belly-band, or sash.

"He took a sort of notion he'd like the shanty work,
As it would be more helthy ner bein' a bank clerk,
So our foreman reely hired him—to let him have his
fling—

A-loggin' all the winter and a-drivin' in the spring.



“Fust night he said he liked it, tho’ he did feel ruther tired,
But he was bound to stick it through all season now he’d
hired ;

And yit, tho’ he was hungry es a wolf from extry work,
You’d ought to saw him squirmin’ at the fat and salty pork !

“He couldn’t go it nohow, and the thick merlasses stuff
Was too many fer his feelin’s, he sed ’twas ‘wather wuff,’
So he riz up from the table and went and told the chief,
He’d take some maple syrup, or tenderloin of beef.

“I grieve to state our fellers didn’t seem to symperthise
With him, and frequent use to knock his eyeglass off his
eyes ;

And when that fust night he sot down and lit a cigarette,
Jim Bludso held a pistol, boys, and made him swaller it !



“Our chaps they didn’t like his ways—too much of lawdy-
daw,

And it made ’em mad and vicious whenever he said ‘aw !’
So they done their best to cure him and make him walk
aright,

By tossin’ him in blankets and so forth every night.

“ And then their efforts at reform in day-time didn’t slack,
Out in the woods they’d frequent drop a snowball down his
back ;
Or set him hitchin’ up the mules, not mentionin’ their
tricks,
Which led, es they intended, to a few improvin’ kicks.

“ Now, thinkin’ it all over I’m free to say that Dude
Was treated in a manner that bordered on the rude ;
And I can’t help a-feelin’ some pity in my heart
When I remember how he finally—sorter—went apart.

“ He never was a favorit around the lumber camp,
Es you kin guess from what I’ve said—too much of ‘ swag-
ger ’ stamp ;
But then agin the luck he had, jes like hisself, was slim,
And I am really sorry fer—wot is left of him.

“ He’s livin’ in the city now, or leastwise his remains
Resides down there quite healthy, his body, head and
brains—
The rest of him is scattered round the limit more or less,
Tho’ they’ve got a portion of him at the hospertal, I guess.

“ The fust slight break he made was when he went to cut a
tree
And let the axe slip somehow and chopped a foot off, see ?
And as he lay a groanin’ he didn’t lay quite clear,
And another bit of timber fell and kinder took an ear.

“ Yet still he did’nt leave us, he certainly had grit,
But about a fortnight later his skull got somewhat split ;
I can’t tell how it happened, fer the facks got mixed, you
 know,
With his losin’ of the other leg by an accidental blow.

“ And yet he stayed on with us and seemed to gain and
 thrive,
Till in the spring we started down the river with the drive,
But when we struck the rapids the logs jammed, as they
 will,
And he got both arms a-mangled in the mix-up and the
 spill.

“ They took him to the city, where them arms was ampu-
 tated,
And subsequent he lost an eye—or so I’ve heerd it stated ;
There’s nothin’ left to tell about, so I will close right here
By statin’ thet he hain’t a dude no more sense that same
 year.”

THE EMIGRATION OFFICIAL.

AN EPISODE IN THE ANNALS OF THE EMIGRATION DEPARTMENT
AT WINNIPEG.

POETS go for inspiration to the forest and the field,
The ocean, or the mountain, or the starry summer sky ;
The city with its sordid life is deemed unfit to yield
The true material of thought for real poesy.

Yet poetry is more than words of rapture and amaze,
And beautiful abstractions and figures fine and fit ;
He's not alone the poet who with enraptured gaze
Would shun the toil-worn paths of men, at Nature's feet
to sit.

For truly Mother Nature is more than sky and sea,
And all the glorious pageant of the Inanimate ;
Her grander realm is the heart, her nobler mystery
Where human beings gather, for only Man is great.

There's not a shop or office, a street, a lane, a square,
A palace or a hovel, a warehouse or a home
In all the teeming city, if the poet is but there,
That will not to his seeing soul give up the truest poem,

You smile incredulous and point, perhaps, with doubtful
air,
To the dull, official building with the hard and formal
sign
Of "Emigration Office" and the Agent standing there,
And your eyes say : As, for instance, take that subject—
write one line !

Well, not that I would claim to have the true poetic fire,
I take your challenge promptly. Mark well that figure
tall,
Clad in the rugged coon-skin coat,—which you may not
admire,
But which to me is beautiful for what it must recall.

The poem's this : One stormy night a telegram was sent
To yonder office—"Help at once, disease on coming
train—
Great crowd of emigrants,"—and yonder very gent
Jumped on a special for the point, 'midst storm of snow
and rain.

Mile after mile he sped ; the fated spot at length he gained.
Cars densely packed with foreigners upon a siding stood ;
In tongues that were unknown to him their troubles they
explained,
But 'neath the coon-skin was a heart that felt and under-
stood.

'Twas dread pneumonia, he found ; and the extremest
case

Was the puny little infant of a young Galician pair ;
Death's mark already was upon the tiny anguished face—
One moment and the coon-skin coat enwrapped it round
with care !

Then, snatching mufflers, woollen mits, shawls, aprons—
anything

That could be boiled in water as compresses, he got
The men, who quickly understood, to souse them and to
wring,

Using the little cooking range, where stood the steaming
pot.

From a whiskey flask he quickly poured a few reviving
drops

Between the infant lips that were already cold and blue ;
Then hour by hour the damp hot cloths, steadily, without
stops,

Upon the little naked chest he'd constantly renew.

For five long hours he knelt and worked—and prayed, no
doubt, as well—

As tenderly as if the stranger's baby were his own ;
And he thanked God for a victory over the sickness fell,
For in the morning light the mother's eyes with gladness
shone.

All cramped and stiff and sore he rose from that young
mother's side,
Where he had knelt and worked all night with earnest
heart and hand,
Knowing the while that if he failed—if that frail baby died—
He would be blamed, so little did these people under-
stand.

That's all the poem. Ponder it, and its calm, love-light
glow,
And tell me if a sunset glow were fitter for a verse ;
Or if more meet for poesy is a noble river's flow,
Than the flow of human brotherhood in that right noble
nurse !

"IN TOUCH WITH NATURE."

IN REPLY TO A CRITIC WHO SAID THE WRITER WAS "NOT SO
CLOSELY IN TOUCH WITH NATURE AS SOME OF
HIS CONTEMPORARIES."

FACE downward on the ground, I love to lie
In touch with nature close as I can get,
(I mean when winter's snows have all gone by
And when the grass is green and not too wet.)

So close that I can sniff the earthy smell,
And have a sort of microscopic view
Of creatures otherwise invisible,
And witness all the wondrous things they do.

Beneath my nose a tiny little ant
Goes scurrying off between the blades of grass,
To his mite-vision every blade a giant
Whose trunk he makes a wide detour to pass.

And next I see a shining bug so small
That I can only marvel in amaze ;
And pigmy tribes that through the forest tall
In fright or ecstasy now take their ways.

An angle-worm nearby, till now unseen,
 (An inch of him protruded, that was all),
Makes signal of adieu, and then serene
 Slips instantaneously into his hole.

I revel in this elfin under-world,
 And easily could spend the live-long day
Beneath a shady tree in comfort curled,
 Or lying flat, face downwards, just this way ;

While in my breast poetic fancies burn—
 What Titan I must be in insect eyes !
And what still lesser insect in my turn
 I am when I look upward to the skies !

THE DREAM AND THE AWAKING.

THE swart and bearded sleeper dreams his dream ;
His smiles betoken visions bright and gay ;
He is a child again beneath the beam
Of the low westering sun's all-mellowing ray.

'Tis a June evening, and the meadow grass
Sweetens the air of the sequestered vale ;
And now the gold and purple tints, alas,
In twilight's soft approach are growing pale.

He trudges gay behind the slow-paced cows
Toward the pasture-field beyond the wood,
Noting the blackbirds flitting 'mongst the boughs,
And the red squirrel's shy but trustful mood.

His cows all safe bestowed, he homeward hies,
Dabbling with barefoot glee the tiny creeks,
Whereat the silvery minnow glittering flies,
And the green frog a sudden safety seeks.

The great moon rising in the east looks down,
And modest twilight's reign is nearly o'er ;
He sees his mother in her humble gown
Smiling upon him from the cottage door.

Now day is done, and gentle night is here,
In his wee attic peacefully he lies
And listens to the crickets chirping near,
And to the distant cat-bird's lonely cries.

The kiss his mother gave him still is warm
Upon his cheek—dear heart, when I'm a man
'Twill be my joy to shield thee from all harm,
And for thy restful, happy age to plan !

'Tis morn again. Was it not mother's voice
That called just now ? Ah, this is father's hand
Upon his shoulder ; breakfast, boy, rejoice— !
The sleeper wakes—he cannot understand.

He gazes wildly—faces pale with doom ?
What ! Father, mother—dead this many a year ?
Dark stony cell, not the old attic room—
My God ! the jailor and the hangman here !

A "COMMON" POSY.

A COMMON posy standing there
Upon my table in a glass ;
Nasturtium, sweet pea, maiden hair,
Heliotrope and ribbon grass—
Common, you say ; alas, alas !
That base, unmeaning word, O spare !

These flowers, that bloom so fair and free
That we dare call them commonplace,
Consider, heart, their mystery,
Behold their pathos and their grace ;
In them I see God face to face ;
They draw strange, happy tears from me.

At their low altar, passing by,
I've bowed, in wonderment to melt ;
And motions of the soul too high
For human language, as I've knelt,
Have come to me, and I have felt
Flowers are God's music for the eye.



THE DRINKING-WATER CART.*

IN the autumn afternoon,
 Up our quiet tree-lined street—
 Looking through its silent stretch
 Like a water-color sketch,
 Free, artistic, incomplete,
 In its wond'rous tint and tone—
 Distant sounds the tuneless horn,
 With its minor note forlorn—
 Something melancholy sweet.

'Tis the drinking-water cart
 On its philanthropic rounds,
 And a lad (who thinks he's smart)

*See Note V.

Pertly acts the driver's part,
Perched—with terror in his eye—
Like inconsequential fly,
On the tank top, dizzy-high,
And anon gives forth the sound,
The tin-blown
Monotone—

That awakes the neighbors round,
Who, foregathering here and there—
Women plain and women fair,
Wives and kitchen-maids and cooks,
Motley as to style and looks,
Stately, podgy, short and tall,
Apron-clad or decked in shawl,
Youngsters also, large and small,
Faring forth, with now and then
Pliant, meek, round-shouldered men,
Who, to judge them by their looks,
Have been routed from their books—
All with pails and pots and jugs,
Pitchers, crocks, tin-cans and mugs,
Vessels heavy—vessels light,
Anything that's water-tight !

And the hero of the play—the man
Who rules the cart and fills each pail and can,
The leading tenor of the civic play,
Romantic, gallant, gay !
How generously he opes the tap and fills
Each vessel till the precious fluid spills
And runs away in rills !
Despatching business promptly and dismissing

Each humble comer with a courtly blessing,

Till all are gone but one—

Matilda Ann, a plump and pretty creature,

With faultless form and really charming feature,

And full of artless fun—

Here, as I stand

With pail in hand

(For I am of those meek, domestic men)

What in the name of thunder

Makes such delay ? I ask. Matilda Ann

Has but a two-quart can.

And yet,

It's safe to bet

'Twill take a good ten minutes more

Before

The cart gets to my door !

And then a calf-like blawt upon the horn

To me is borne

And seems to say in scorn :

What would you ? Has not love, that rules all hearts,

A right to fool around the water carts ?

Avaunt ! unfeeling man ! What sense have you ?

Can you not see this is a rendezvous ?



THE PEELER AND THE TRAMP.*

IN the chill hours of the morning, up the city's darkened
street

The grave Policeman sauntered on his lone, familiar beat,
When toward him came a figure slouching aimlessly along,
A vagrant tramp in tatters—one of the homeless throng.

He would fain have slunk unnoticed past, but that was no
to be ;

The officer had stopped him. "You come along with me,"
He said, when, in a quaver, the prisoner had told
The tale of want and poverty so common and so old.

* See Note VI.

Toward the near patrol box he slowly led the man—
“No doubt,” (so thought the vagrant), “to signal for the
van,
And send me to the station-house to lie upon the floor
Behind the prison gratings, because I’m old and poor.”

The box is quickly opened, and from its dark inside
The policeman takes a parcel, compact and neatly tied,
“My wife,” says he, “puts up a lunch when I’m on duty
late,
But you seem to need it more than me ; you’ll find it good
to ate.

“And now go quietly along”—the box is closed again.
And the vagrant tries to speak his thanks, but seeks for
words in vain ;
Nor does the Bobby wait for thanks, he’s half a block away
Before the tramp has gathered up his wits a word to say.



HER ANSWER.

"SAY, aunty," cried our four-year-old, to the skittish maiden lady,

Who on the subject of her age was always very shady.

"Well, dear?" says she:

"Look here," said he,

"Are you 'n old maid, I heard you were, but are you, tell me truly?"

"Well—er—my dear, that's rather frank, and presses me unduly;

But you may tell enquiring friends who seek an explanation—

I'm a lady who enjoys—ahem—a splendid isolation.

UNREQUITED.

UPON the roadside, in a death-like swoon,
A woman lies beneath the midnight moon.

Her pale, sad face is wet with recent tears,
But now she lies unconscious of her fears.

The unpitying stars look down, serene and still,
And silence broods abroad on vale and hill.

Broken at length by gentle, pattering sound,
As of a padded foot upon the ground.

Then ambling comes a wasted, mongrel cur,
A fellow-vagrant, ownerless—like her,

That in the moonlight passing stealthy by,
Casts on the silent form a curious eye ;

Then nearer draws with friendly canine heart,
Some humble meed of succour to impart.

With famished tongue he licks the woman's face,
Where want and care have left full many a trace,

And next her hands, and then her face again,
He licks and warms—this poor Samaritan.

And thus he serves, with tenderest regard,
Till life and motion his kind care reward.

And as the woman rises to her feet,
He wags his tail and whines in bliss complete ;

And looks up with brown, liquid eyes so proud,
And in unselfish rapture barks aloud.

Then, as the stranger takes her weary way,
He ventures meekly at her side to stay ;

Her pat and smile are warrant, so thinks he,
That she does not disdain his company.

So, deeming that her air a friend reveals,
Like trusty page he follows at her heels.

Slowly, towards the village sleeping near,
She plods along with new-reviving tear,

Till, overcome with weariness once more,
She fainting sinks beside a cottage door ;

Whereat the dog lifts up his head on high,
And sends a weird petition to the sky—

A prayer for aid it seems to Him above,
Who holds all creatures in a Maker's love.

The prayer is heard—that hollow, piteous howl,
Wakes the old cottager, a thrifty soul,

Who comes and opes his hospitable door,
And bears the stranger in—but not before

The unsightly dog has crept with thankful heart,
Into the kitchen, where he sits apart,

With look of pleasure on his honest face,
And thanks for timely help and resting place.

The woman to much-needed couch is borne
By sturdy man and wife ; the dog forlorn

Remains behind, his own uncertain fate
The subject of internal, deep debate.

The man, returning, sees the yearning wretch,
Steps to the door and grimly lifts the latch ;

The signal's noted ; he awaits no help,
The door's ajar—he slinks out with a yelp,

And roams about, forgotten in the dawn,
With human gratitude to think upon—

A theme too deep for any homeless cur,
A poor dumb brute, and no philosopher.

.

The sport of urchins later in the day,
Behold him flying through the village way,

With terror in his eye, a battered pail
Dangling and clanging at his shrinking tail,

And as God's sun sinks in the peaceful west,
His carcass lies beside the road at rest,

Broken and bruised, in silence and alone,
With sorry epitaph of stick and stone.



THE APOLOGY OF EDWIN MARKHAM.*



FROM boyhood's hour till now, deep in my
heart

Has burned the vexing paradox of Job—
Why, 'neath the heavy wheel of human life,
Some should be ground and broken, and go
down

To hopeless ruin ; others, perhaps more vile,
Be lifted on its circling ring to heaven !
An endless problem ; but my heart the while
Has throbb'd at great Isaiah's sacred word,
Prefiguring the coming of a day
When Justice wedded unto Love shall reign,
And they who are the builders shall inhabit,
They who have planted, they alone, shall eat,
And spoilers be unknown ; this prophet-faith
Has fed my spirit in a world whose ills
Forced from the strong soul of the pitying Christ
His cry against the greed that would devour
Poor widows' houses, and with reckless feet
Walk over graves—wrongs still of Titan strength
Through all the centuries since the Carpenter
Proclaimed the Fatherhood of God, and taught
The Brotherhood of Man—wrongs that cease not ;
And so my faith has fought with horrid doubt.
Hath Christ, then, conquered death to be at last
Conquered by wickedness of mortal man ?

*See Note VII.

'Twere blasphemy to think it ; yet behold
This picture painted by a Christian brush,
In the high noon of Christian centuries—
The Hoeman of the master, Millet ; this,
As thus I meditated, met my sight,
And, like an arrow to my soul, it struck
With lasting pain of truth—my God ! of truth !

I kept the print upon my walls for years,
And in my heart the pain ; it was, to me,
Solemn, oppressive. As I looked it seemed
The august ruin leaning on the hoe
Was wrapped around with terror that appalled
More than the fearsome shapes of Dante's hell,
For he is here on earth, a living form,
And walks among us ! Long I stood and looked
Upon the picture ; breathing in its power—
The majesty of its profound despair,
The awful import of its eloquence,
Until it seemed to grow into my soul,
And hang there on the inmost sacred wall
A painted echo of my own life, too.
I saw the artist gave us here a type
Fitting all lands and labors. In this garb
Of stunned and stolid peasant I beheld
Betrayed humanity ; the worker scorned,
Despoiled of hope and adequate reward,
In every field and calling, farm or shop,
Office or factory, alley, shore or mine,
By deep injustice of our social laws.

The Hoeman is the man with hoe or pen,
Anvil, or plane, or needle—any tool

Or implement of useful human toil
Of brain or body, but of toil unblessed
By dignity and joy, because unlit
By hope's bright beam—not man so much as serf,
With no mind in his muscle, and no heart
In any handiwork he labors at ;
A symbol of the Disinherited,
Barred from the teeming land and shrunken up
By special privilege held by the few.

Work ? Nay, but aimless, abject drudgery !
Man ? Nay, a hulk of lost humanity !
Beneath the roving savage in estate,
Who, wild and ignorant, has yet a step
Of human dignity and poet tongue.
This dull eyed clod is not a remnant waif
Of prehistoric times ; no relic he
Of barb'rous ages, but the pagan boor
Of Christian civilization and to-day !
The Hoeman is the effigy of man,
A being with no outlet to his life,
No uplift to his soul ; no time to rest,
To think, to pray, to nurse the mighty hopes
That make us men ; but the unhappy heir
Of slaves who toiled beneath th' Egyptian lash,
Who lifted wearily the walls of Troy,
Who carved the pillars of Karnak, and paved
The Appian way for brutal Emperors ;
To-day he stoops and leans upon the hoe,
Or bends in silence paving Paris streets,
Or building London's tombs and palaces.
Does shallow ignorance, or heartless greed,
With ready-tongued effrontery, deny

That such a shape exists? Happy indeed
The day when shrug of shoulder can dispel
This form embruted, this portentous thing,
This Accusation wearing human guise!
They who have eyes can see him everywhere;
Nor will clear sight confuse him with the man
Whom simple poverty afflicts and thwarts.
The Pioneer is poor, but loves his work;
'Tis bracing and endurable—'tis the soil
In which the flower of hope forever springs,
Because the Pioneer is Man, and free;
He feels no degradation in his sweat,
For he is king of his hard circumstance,
And owns no master 'twixt himself and God,
Who made the land and gave it to his hands;
So, though he delves and struggles in the vale,
He knows no bar across the sunlit path
Forever open to the heights beyond.

Is such the poverty of sweat-shop dens,
Of stuffy factories, of stifling mines?
Or is this sturdy Pioneer akin
To the pale wretch who labors for a wage,
Hopeless, enervated, exploited, robbed
Of sweet ambition and of manhood's sense?

Millet meant no disparagement of toil,
Himself a noble toiler all his days;
This picture was the protest of his soul
Against the degradation of true work,
And the foul tyranny of man o'er man;
He scorned the idler—tramp or millionaire—
As thrift must scorn the human parasite,

Instinctive sure of heaven's just decree
That they should eat not who do not produce.
Labor a curse? Nay, 'tis a gift of God,
A humanizing power, a holy thing ;
Redemption for man's soul is in his craft
If he has grace to work aright. He makes
Himself who truly, nobly makes his house ;
He shapes his soul invisibly who carves
A cornerstone with godly honesty.
Labor ! 'tis a religious sacrament
Whate'er it be that's true—hoeing a field,
Guiding a plough, writing a true-born poem,
Ruling a nation—high and holy each ;
If the true spirit but informs the toil,
Such labor is not drudgery, but prayer.
Man does not live by bread alone, nor need
Bread chiefly, for he is a living soul,
And his soul-hunger cries for the Ideal,
The bread on which it lives. That man's a slave
And mate to this poor Hoeman who forgets
His soul, his higher self, and yields to things,
Whate'er his calling—who for gain or fame
Lets go his hold upon the spiritual,
And sinks beneath the weight of gross concerns
To spend his life for dross.

All this I read
Musing upon the print of Millet. Then
Compulsion was upon me ! I must speak
My spirit's awe and grief at this dread wrong,
This ruin of God's image, and the poem
Sprang from my pen, a lightning stroke of wrath
From a dark cloud of sorrow. I have borne
My witness. It is said ; it is the truth ;
So let it stand.

THE SENTRY'S PRAYER.

A TRUE INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR.



'Twas in the war-time ; grim, serene,
Midnight brooded, full of gloom,
Darkness curtained o'er the scene
Like the shadow-form of doom.

Face to face in vale and wood
Ambushed the two armies lay,
Thirsting for each other's blood
In to-morrow's deadly fray.

At a far-out sentry post,
'Neath a gnarled and ghostly tree,
Stood a weary soldier, lost
In a troubled reverie.

Thoughts of death oppressed his mind,
For he felt vague danger near,
And each whisper of the wind
Brought a creeping chill of fear.

Brave was he and bronzed of face,
Yet a helpless child he felt
As when in the old home-place
At his mother's knee he knelt.

Then, as from that sacred past,
Out of memories sweet and dim,
Rose amid that silence vast
From his lips the olden hymn :

“ All my trust in Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing ! ”

Weirdly rose the tremulous strain
In the silent midnight hour,
Full of pathos, tears and pain,
Full of tenderness and power.

“ Cover my defenceless head,”
Came the simple words and low,
Then a smothered whisper said :
“ Ground your rifles, boys, and go ! ”

And a scouting party near,
Glad that whisper to obey,
From their ambush disappear,
Creeping silently away.

And the sentry's fears are fled ;
Mother's God has heard him sing,
“ Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing ! ”

THE HERO FISHERMAN.

BEYOND the angry reef, where the mad waves
Toss high their foaming crests, as, thunderously,
They break upon the treacherous rock, far out
In the dark, weltering waters, helpless, lost,
Stumbles a ship, dismantled and forlorn ;
One tattered shred of fluttering white—the sign
And signal of despair or gasp of hope,—
Is dimly seen above the sinking hull
By the brave souls ashore, who man the boat
To wage a deadly warfare with the sea
And save, if God so wills, the souls in peril ;
And all the village, clustering round, upbear
With words of hope the stalwart fishermen
Who undertake love's errand—all save one,
Whose heart has failed her, and whose quivering arms
Are round her only son.

“Nay, Alec, nay !

Spare me, oh, spare me, Alec ; do not go ;
God asks not this of *me*, no, no ! let wives
Who have not given a husband to the deep,
And mothers who have not, like me, a son
Lost to their hearts on the wide sea—perchance,
Beside his father in the watery depths—
Unheard of till their hopes, like mine, are dead,
Let these give up at duty's call their sons

And husbands to this task ; but thou, my boy,
Sole comfort of my widowhood, my child,
Stay thou with me !”

And the kind neighbors, moved,
Said, “She is right, good Alec, go not thou
On this thrice dangerous quest ; our sons will go.”
“Nay, mother dear,” cried he, and kissed her cheek,
“God will defend us ; neighbors, I must go ;
No man of all these gallant mates of mine
May take my oar ; have faith ; in God above
Put ye your trust, my mother, and my friends !”
And so with hero-spirit he embarked,
And through her tears his mother watched him go,
And prayed to God, and all the neighbors prayed.

The heavy hours dragged on, and still the ship
Though lower in the waves yet kept afloat,
And beating hearts along the pebbly beach
Ceased not to pray. At last, thanks be to God !
The life-boat rounds the reef, fighting the seas,
And plunges towards the landing-place, all safe,
And safely bringing half-dead mariners,
Who clasp their hands in joy and murmur “Saved !”

“All saved !” So runs the tumult of delight ;
“No ! all but one—we had to leave that one ;
'Twere certain death to all had we remained
Another moment.” So they spake, and leapt
On the firm shore, with woman’s tenderness
Bearing the famished sailors in their arms.

But Alec stayed behind and held his oar,

And answered to his mother waiting there
With joyous arms outstretched to welcome him
Back to her widowed heart, "No, mother, no ;
One has been left to perish ; I return ;
He shall not perish if it be God's will
That my stout arms are equal to my hope.
Push off the boat ! Alone, if no one else
Will join me, I will face the death again
To bring him to the land !"

"No, no, my son !

Oh God, it must not be ; thou hast been brave,
And I can bear no more—nay, my sweet son,
Leave this to others ; some true heart is here
To take thy place. Think of thy father lost,
And thy poor brother whom I mourn as dead ;
Leave me not desolate, bereft of all
I have on earth, my son, my only child !"
"Think of my brother ! yea, but every man
In peril is my brother, and this man
May have a mother dear as mine to me ;
I cannot stay, and every moment now
Is more than golden in its worth. Farewell !
God keep thee, mother, and God prosper me !"

So spake young Alec, sternly tremulous ;
Then on the sandy shore, as dead indeed,
The anguished mother swooned, for he was gone
And lustily against th' unwilling waves
He labored at the oars, and evening fell
And hid him in the distance from their eyes.
Then passed a silence on the villagers,

And pained suspense for Alec's fate so ruled
That rapture o'er the saved was hushed until
The slow-paced night was gone, and morning crept
Upon the lighted lanterns on the shore,
Where men walked to and fro as they had done
Through all the waiting hours.

Then clang'd the bell
In the old village steeple, for a lad
Was sent in haste to bid the verger ring
The happy tidings out o'er hill and dale,
The boat was seen ! Then eager ran the throng,
And at the landing clasped the widow's hand,
And rapture danced along the smiling marge,
For Alec now was nigh, his wasted strokes
Still splashing in the wave, till cheering men
Rushed through the shallows and with stalwart arm
On either side pulled the huge boat to land.
And Alec sat with pale and ghastly face,
And bended body, wearied nigh to death,
And at his feet, well wrapp'd, the sailor's form,
Weak as an infant, but alive ! alive !
" Fall back, and let his mother pass alone,
Her's be the hand that first shall welcome him !"
So cried a leader, and the throng fell back,
Then gathered near, with joy that overflowed
On every face in tears, to note her kiss,
And catch his words faint-spoken :

" God be praised,
I've brought him safe—his mother will rejoice
With mine—it is my brother—God be praised.
Your long-lost son,—receive him, mother dear !"

A COUNTRY GRAVEYARD.

UPON a far green slope,
Sunlit and peaceful lies the burial place ;
The sacred spot whose consecrated stones,
Standing in holy silence, seem to be
A tended flock safe resting in the fold.

THE ADOPTED BOY.*



THERE goes our neighbor, Robbins, and his
 wife,
 A-driving home from town, and, 'pon my life,
 They've got a little youngster with 'em, too.
 Why, 'course! they've done as they've long
 meant to do,

I'll bet a penny—got a homeless boy
 To 'dopt as theirn—well, well, I wish 'em joy,
 But I can tell 'em it's a risky game,
 And just as like to bring 'em grief and shame
 As peace and comfort; you can never tell
 The breed that's in them waifs and strays—well, well!
 Now, I'm agoin' acrost this afternoon
 To see this treasure—well, the little coon
 He's been right lucky in the home he's got,
 That's one thing sure, and if he goes to pot,
 As 'dopted children very otten does,
 'Twon't be fer want of trainin', ner becuz
 His foster parents wasn't good and kind—
 Fer better folks than them he'd never find.

Well, Hiram, I've been over; I was right—
 They've brung a child from town, a little mite
 From what they call the Children's Home; I guess
 He must be six or seven, and I confess

* See Note VIII.

He's quite a bright and pretty little chap,
And set as cute on Mrs. Robbins' lap
As if she was his mother, quite content,
Eatin' a cookie ; and the great event
Has filled her and her husband, you kin see,
Jest full of pleasure ; both appears to be
As fond of Bertie—that's the youngster's name,
As if it was by birth and blood he came
To their lone dwellin' ; Robbins likes his eyes,
Cuz they're so blue and full of sweet surprise ;
And Mrs. Robbins likes his golden hair,
And his complexion, which it's very fair,
With rosy cheeks ; and both of 'em allows
There's somethin' fine and noble 'bout his brows—
And this is so, he's quite a likely child,
No doubt about it, tho' I ruther smiled
At their fond doin's ; and I wish 'em well—
But, as I said afore, no one kin tell.

.
Would you believe it, Hiram, how time flies !
Dear me ! I scarcely kin believe my eyes—
But that tall chap you see acrost the way,
Is Bertie Robbins—he's of age to-day !
Yes, twenty-one ; and he has turned out good ;
I seen him when he came, and know'd he would ;
Fer anyone, to see his pretty face,
And lovin' ways to all about the place
As he grow'd up, a-doin' of his chores,
And readin' books or playin' out o' doors,
Could tell he'd be a blessin' to their heart,
As he has bin, and make it sad to part,
As they are goin' to do, fer so I'm told

Robbins is givin' him a purse of gold—
Two hundred dollars—and he's goin' West
To seek his fortune ; leaves the Robbins' nest
As I might say, to find some new employ ;
Well ; he hes bin a good and faithful boy,
And I kin jine in all their hopes and fears,
And understand 'em sheddin' bitter tears.

.
Come to the winder, Hiram, there's the rig
At Robbins' gate—that trunk is good and big
Fer two of 'em to lift—poor Bert looks sad,
And Farmer Robbins—aint he feelin' bad ?
Why, you can see it, every move he makes ;
And there's poor 'Mandy, see, his hand she shakes,
And now she puts her arms around him tight
And kisses him ; no, I can't stand the sight—
Come with me to the gate to say God-speed
As he goes by, our cheery word he'll need.

.
True, Hiram, as you say, the ways of God
Are strange, and the afflictions of his rod,
And no respect of persons, that is true ;
Here we're enjoyin' comfort, me and you,
While our old neighbors, there, acrost the way,
Deservin' jest as much, as I may say,
Are bowin' down beneath the fearful gale ;
'To-day they hev the mortgage auction sale,
And leaves the home they've lived in all these years,
To go I don't know where ; it brings the tears
To think of sech an endin' now they're old,
A driftin' on a shore so dreary cold.
But where's the son they reckon'd they hed got ?

Gone and forgot 'em—so I allus thought
 Would be the endin' of that foolishness ;
 It mostly allus is—Bert is, I guess,
 A-livin' well off in some distant spot,
 And he's most likely jest about fergot
 His 'dopted parents—so I allus say—
 These picked up children either go that way,
 Grow up and git ungrateful, or turn out
 As downright rascals—so it's jest about
 A six and half-a-dozen ; yes, indeed,
 I say agin, you've got to know the breed.
 Well, here's the folks a-flockin' to the sale—
 Poor Robbins, he is lookin' old and frail,
 And his poor wife ; you go acrost the way
 And fetch her, Hiram, over here to stay
 With me, while they're a-sellin' out the place—
 She feels, I know, as if 'twas some disgrace.

.
 Good gracious, 'Mandy—Mrs. Robbins, look !
 Don't set and cry no longer—why, they've took
 The auction flag away ; the crowd is parted
 Afore the sale has more'n half got started !
 And who is this a-coming in the gate
 With Hiram and your husband ? Sure as fate
 If it ain't Bertie—there, now, don't take on ;
 God don't forsake His own, the cloud is gone ;
 Here, let 'em in, the sun is shinin' bright,
 And smilin' faces is a glorious sight !

.
 Yes, mother, it's our Bertie, hug him well !
 He's good as gold—and afterwards I'll tell

The story how he came and stopped the sale,
And paid the mortgage right down on the
 nail,
And saved our home ; God bless our faithful
 boy,
Who gives our age a new and deeper joy ;
God only tried us, wife, to prove our trust,
For no good deed done in His name is lost.



THE KING AND THE BEGGAR.

THE King in purple vestments
And crown of shining gold,
Sat proudly gazing round him
As on his chariot rolled,
And scarcely deigned to notice
The homage that was paid
By thousands of his subjects
Each with uncovered head.

“ I am their rightful master,
I am their sovereign lord,
And they do well to serve me
And tremble at my word ;
For not in earth there reigneth
So great a king as I ! ”
So spake the lofty monarch
As his retinue moved by.

A beggar on the highway,
In garments all defiled,
Was stooping low in pity
Beside a little child ;
The crowd had rudely jostled
And bruised her in its rush,
And the beggar in compassion
Now sought her cry to hush.

“ I am unknown and homeless,”
Said he, “ and old and poor,
My daily bread in sorrow
I beg from door to door ;
Yet I would aye be tender
And always seek to be
Helpful unto my fellows,
Even, dear child, to thee.”

Then came a voice from heaven
Saying, “ Behold, O men !
Your thoughts of rank and station
Are false and mean and vain ;
He is most truly royal
Who doth most service bring ;
This king is but a beggar ;
This beggar is a king ! ”

THE MUDDLED PEDLER.

THERE is a loud-voiced pedler man
Who haunts the neighborhood,
And twice a day comes round our way
With bawlings loud and rude ;
His matin cry pertains to fish ;
He does not blow a horn,
But shouts this dirge monotonous,
Unvaried and forlorn :

“ Fr-r-r-esh fish ! Fr-r-resh fish !
Salmon—trou’ ’er w’ite fish !
Fresh salmon ! fresh salmon !
All alive—here ! ”

And then he comes around again
In th’ stilly afternoon,
With new stage scenery and effects,
And an entire change of tune ;
His lamentation is of fruit,
And as he jogs along
Behind his jaded-looking nag
He warbles forth this song :—

“ Strawb’ries ! Strawb’ries !
Fine Oakville strawb’ries !
Strawb’ries ripe ! Strawb’ries ripe !
On’y—ten cents a box ! ”

I grieve to say this pedler man
One day got slightly "fixed,"
Some purists might p'raps call it "tight,"
And so his songs got mixed.
'Twas very sad indeed to hear
The muddled fellow shout,
In such a thick-tongued sort of way
You scarce could make it out :—

" Fresh fish, ten a box !
Fine Oakville salmon !
Salmon ripe, w'ite fish ripe !
Strawb'ries all alive ! "



THE CHILD AND THE TOAD.*

A LITTLE child, with a pure, sweet face,
That wore the infinite Angel-grace
Of innocence—less than two years as yet
In this great, strange world, and whose tiny feet,
Clad in their wee, white shoes, caressed
The fresh green sward in the Field of the Blest
(As to him I know the city park seemed),
As he ran at my side, and with rapture beamed.
A little new soul in this world of ours
Akin to all beauty in birds or flowers,
He looked the seraph he really was
As he wandered and ran with scarcely a pause,
In his dainty dress and hood of white,
And carried my cane with a proud delight
That afternoon ; he had learned to walk,
But not in our human speech to talk,
Nor had he need—for the speech of love
That he brought, I ween, from the world above,

* See Note IX.

Was clear to us all in its smiles and tears,
And its looks and motions to tell his fears,
His joys and his wishes, and to express
That his mission below was the world to bless.

So, there in the restful park I stroll'd,
Where the sunbeams fell in shifting gold
Through the moving leaves of the spreading trees,
And watched the Baby with thoughts like these.

Then something moved in the grass close by ;
'Twas a common, warty toad, and I
As it hopped at my feet and heavily sat,
Stolid and stupid and ugly and flat,
Said, " Look, oh Baby, see what is here ! "
And he came without a shadow of fear,
And I marked his mien of wondering awe
As he looked at the living thing he saw
For the first time. " What will his impulse be " ?
I said to myself, " I will wait and see ;
The human instinct of hate will rise,
No doubt, in his breast, and those blinking eyes
Of the toad seemed to say, ' I can but await
From the stick in the hands of this child the fate
Which is always mine and that of my race
At human hands ' "—but the Baby's face
Wore a look of pity and love instead,
That, plainly as spoken language said,
" Poor little brother of the earth,
Like me you have strangely come to birth

In this beautiful world ; you have life like mine
From the self-same Maker—a gift divine ;
And though I'm exalted, and you in the dust,
You're my brother still, and so I must—"

(Here he stopped and knelt with hands outspread
And his face so close to the toad's brown head
That, had I not snatched him up, I wist
The reptile he would have tenderly kissed !)

I know not what the toad's thoughts were
As he hopped away in the grasses there ;
But for me, I felt as never before
That sacred scene of the days of yore,
When the Heavenly Teacher, wise and mild,
Set in their midst a little child,
And said, Whoso would my Father please,
Must become in heart like one of these.

POLITE.

PLAIN-SPOKEN, rough-tongued Mr. Truth
Said bluntly that the fellow lied ;
But Courtesy, the well-bred youth,
So calmly poised and gentle-eyed
In milder syllables replied,
I scarce would say the fellow lied,
Though he spoke falsely, to be sure ;
Perhaps, you know—hem—it may be
His—hem—imagination, er—
Er—overpowered his memory.



WORD AND DEED.

“COULD you give me some help? I want some’pin to eat.”
And the grave-looking gentleman stopped in the street.

He gazed at the lad with expression severe,
And the raggedy chap seemed to tremble with fear.

“You shouldn’t be begging in this way, you know,
It’s shiftless, and wretched, and lazy, and low.

“A boy of your age should be going to school,
Or learning to use some industrial tool.

“Want something to eat? That’s possibly true,
But we’ve places provided for paupers like you.

“ It wouldn’t be proper for me—’twould be wrong—”
Just then a great hulk of a lad came along.

He’d a sandwich in hand, which he seemed to enjoy
With a zest that’s peculiar to just such a boy.

He tore it in two and, with a shy laugh,
Sidled up and gave the poor hungry chap half.

And then he passed on ; not a word had he said—
But it left some queer thoughts in that gentleman’s head.

THE WHALING OF THE KID.

I SET down fer to write a pome
 (The afternoon was still an' hot)—
I waited for the words to come
 To clothe my naked little thought,
When sudden like, an' loud an' shrill,
 A yell my idle ear assailed,
It made me start and drop my quill—
 The neighbor's kid was gittin' whaled.

Yes, sure enough, poor little chap,
 For some new mischief, I suppose,
An' I could hear the bare-hand slap
 Jest where he didn't wear no clothes ;
He yelled, as crost that knee he lay,
 An' tried to plead, but choked an' failed,
“ Ma, I'll be good ! ” he tried to say,
 Poor kid, when he was gittin' whaled.

You know the sorter noise it wuz,
 A raspin' roar, half drowned in tears,
That sometimes to a screech arose
 An' filled you full of nameless fears ;
But still the welts fell hot an' fast
 (Some wholesome truth was bein' nailed),
An' then the smackin' ceased at last,
 The job was done—the kid was whaled.

But yet, fer quite a spell I heard
The piteous after-sobs he made,
An' every passin' little bird
Quit chirping when near by it strayed ;
An' the old house-dog down below
Roam'd ill at ease an' droopy-tailed—
An' every critter seemed to know
The neighbor's kid had jest bin whaled.

SYMPATHY.

BESIDE the grave's new-rounded sod
By some dear instinct close we come,
Heart draws to heart, tho' we are dumb,
And dumbly seeks to share the rod :
We do not know what is to be,
We cannot guess, we cannot see,
We can but stand and wait for God.

As when the winter tempests fall
With blinding snow-wreaths on the steep,
And clouds and darkness dread appall,
What can they do, th' unknowing sheep,
But gather close and silence keep,
And listen for the shepherd's call.

ECHOES OF DRUMTOCHTY.*



I. CHAIRLIE'S RETURN.

A SKETCH FROM "THE DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

DRUMTOCHTY GLEN is silent but for the falling leaves,
The pathos of October fills all the peaceful place,
And rests upon the heart of one who long since knew it
well,
And now comes up the cart-road with slow and saddened
pace.

* See Note X.

Old Peter at the Junction had marked the stranger's mien,
His pale and melancholy face, his clothing thin and poor,
His hair untimely frosted, but recognized him not
As Chairlie Grant the ne'er-do-well of twenty years before.

Back from his life of wandering, back to his childhood's
home—

A home well-nigh forgotten in all these idle years ;
Yet with a chastened spirit, and penitent at last,
At last—but now too late, too late—oh, unavailing tears !

His pace is slackened at the grove, he rests beside the pool
Near by the olden clump of gorse he knew so long ago ;
To him it seems a holy place with piney incense filled,
He leans his head upon his hands in loneliness and woe.

A letter, old and worn away, he reads yet once again,
And once again it tells him in words unchanged and
hard,

That those who loved him dearly through all his wasted
life—

His granny and his sister—are in the old kirk yard.

“ Deid, deid,” he sadly mutters, “ aye, and the lave as weel
O' a' the generation that kent me to their shame ;
No ane o' them is leevin' to tak' me by the hand,
And say 'Forgiven' to me an' bid me welcome hame ! ”

He rises and resumes his way, emerging at the hill
Above the Tochty bridge, a spot where 'tis the exile's wont
To stand and brood in reverie o'er all the landmarks dear,
Each scene which ghostly memory doth ever seem to
haunt.

His eyes now rest upon the Glen, and through a misty veil
Of tears he marks the old kirk spire still pointing up to
God,

The unforgotten hills and trees, the well-remembered roofs,
The winding village street that years and years ago he
trod.

"Yonder is Hillock's hoose," he says, "would I might see
his face";

And so he crosses o'er the bridge and climbs the sloping
way,

And now he's in Drumtochty and stands by Hillock's gate,
But sees no old familiar form known in an earlier day.

Now to'rds his birthplace he has turned, the cottage on the
hill,

Hard by the old kirk wall, alas! what desolation's here!
The ancient thatch has fallen in, the gate is torn away,
The garden once so trimly kept is now unkempt and
drear.

He passes through the unlatched door, but first removes
his hat,

And in the kitchen weather-worn a moment musing
stands,

While memory lights the ruin up as once it used to be,
As it was always in the dreams he dreamt in distant
lands.

The hearth-glow is reflected from the dishes on the wall,
The table's set, he sees again the porridge-pot and spoon,
As, lying prone upon the floor, a laddie rosy-cheeked,
He glowers at the fire and hears his granny gently croon,

The grander room, the "ben" beyond, recalls past Sabbath days,

With horse-hair chairs and sofa, and carpet blue and red,
The mantel with its china dogs and shells of curious shape,
The drawers with the Bible beside the "Pilgrim" laid.

He feels the old-time Sabbath hush ; he's newly-dressed for kirk,

And hears his mother's warning 'gainst "rumpling his
claes,"

So, burdened with his grandeur, yet proud beyond all words,

He listens to the morning bell that calls the Glen to praise.

From out a secret corner of yon old chest of drawers

A woman's hand, one later day, brought forth her scanty hoard,

And gave it to a ne'er-do-weel—e'en now he feels the touch,

And hears his granny's blessing, and is pierced as with a sword.

He wakes—the present lives again, the vision fades away,

This squalid wreck no more is home : all light and love are fled ;

His heart-beats break the silence that grimly mocks him here,

The kirkyard now is home to him, for everything is dead !

So, silently he leaves the place, and now alone he goes

From grave to grave, with heavy step, and reads with many a start

The stony missives which to him are scattered journal
leaves

With news related of the dead whose names were in his
heart.

On no high obelisks they're carved ; no monuments are
here,

O'erhung with weeping willow or shapely cypress bough ;
Plain, time-worn stones, aslant or flat, o'ergrown with
tangled grass,

Bear names in simple letters of those who sleep below.

The sun goes down behind the hills so silent and so far,
The gloaming spreads through all the vale, and in the
shadowy trees

A wind of sorrow murmurs, and so the day is done,
And night obscures the vision of Chairlie on his knees.

II. DOMSIE.

SOME hand unknown, but one inspired of God,
Built Domsie's schoolhouse in the old pine wood,
Just where the cart road takes its westward rise
And seems to vanish in the lambent skies—
A house that showed no sign of builder's art,
But that rare touch which satisfies the heart.
Within, one ample room, with well-worn floor,
And desks much inked and carved and whittled o'er ;

A home-like fireplace at the further end,
Which glowed in winter like a genial friend,
Repaying boys and girls with cosy feet
For tribute daily brought of sticks and peat,
But which in summer had naught else to do
But by a silent ministry imbue
The youthful breasts with thoughts of home and love
(A ministry that's quite beyond a stove).
Through the one door, wide open all the day,
The scholars watched the rabbits at their play;
Anon a bird, unterrified, flies in,
And, unmolested, flutters out again;
Through open windows piney odors come,
And drowsy bees join in the studious hum.

Without, a very paradise of joys
For sonsy girls and lusty, ruddy boys,
In the pine grove that sheltered side and rear,
And gave a tonic virtue to the air,
A greensward strewn with fir cones, clean and light,
The ready weapon of the play-hour "fight";
Or in the brake, where gorse and bramble grew,
Which from the school's front door you haply view.
There stands old Domsie now as evening falls
And listens to the merry shouts and calls
Of bairnies on their divers homeward ways,
Now faintly borne upon the passing breeze.
So gracious is the time, he shows so fair,
We'll take him as he lingers musing there.
A man of medium height, but stooping lower;
A scholar's face, with lines of full three score

Of thoughtful years—and not all happy thought,
Tho' of soured spirit it betokens naught.
Hair grizzled gray, and bushy brows that shade
Eyes keen and shrewd ; linen that's something frayed,
But spotless white ; clothing the worse for wear,
But bearing signs of almost dainty care.
The coat distinctively a coat of mark—
The black-dress fashion of the old-time spark,
Of courtly cut, with a patrician caste
That plainly tells of glories in the past ;
Drumtochty never learned its pedigree—
Melchesidek of coats it seemed to be—
But Domsie and his garment were as one,
And both had so into our thinking grown
We'd not have realized the man without
Learning's fit trappings—that scholastic coat.

Another work-day over, key in hand,
Thus at the door does Domsie musing stand.
His reverie is hedged with silence round,
For now there's but a shadow of a sound ;
The noise of homeward-trudging weans has failed,
And all the Glen is peaceful—school has skailed.
The rabbits from the darkening grove come out,
And in the open playground hop about ;
The mice in Residence, their terror o'er,
Now freely roam the school's deserted floor
And treasure-trove of oat-cake morsels munch—
The surplus of some lássie's mid-day lunch ;
And wee bit crickets in their elfin mirth
Come forth to chirp upon the empty hearth.

The evening light now mellows all the scene,
And the defiant Grampians grow serene,
As the red sun, descending in the west,
Touches and glorifies each towering crest ;
Afair and near there broods and interspheres
A pathos deeper than the source of tears.

On what does Domsie muse ? Perchance of days
Long past, and all their tender memories ;
It may be that, half-joyful and half-sad,
He has a vision of a gallant lad
Fresh from the schools, with laurels fairly won,
Whose honor-winning course is just begun,
But who has hardly started in the race
When some mysterious sorrow clouds his face,
And, pressing hand to heart, he quits the path
As though he mourned a cruel, untimely death ;
He sees him turn into a sheltered way
That leads far from Fame's temple, bright and gay,
To hide his pain in a sequestered glen,
'Mid humble labors for his fellow-men ;
His task the noblest that a man can find,
The nurture of the youthful heart and mind ;
He sees him toiling on from year to year,
With face that tells not of the secret tear,
Nor of the sorrow of the haunting wraith
Of olden pain, nor of the wreck of faith,
But brave and cheerful, as of one firm-stayed
On Him who is a very present aid,
Although for balm he searched not Scripture's page,
But the cold wisdom of the classic sage ;

Yet ever gentle, tender, sweet and true,
Living a broken life sublimely through.

Some vision like to this he now may see,
Himself the subject of his reverie !

Or, since with him self plays so small a part,
And holds such slender tenure of his heart,
We'll guess again—and guess more near the truth—
If we suppose his mind is on some youth,
Some “lad o' pairts,” some “scholar in the shell,”
Whose raw Latinity he's tested well
A month or more, but who at length to-day
Has been “identified” undoubtedly !
It must be so ; we've guessed it, sure enough,
For, see, he smiles and ladles in the snuff,
And, with a gleam of triumph in his e'e,
Snaps shut the lid and cries, He'll dae, he'll dae !

With plans and projects of the future full
He hies him to his home, close by the school,
An old-time dwelling nestling in the grove,
Which flowering vines have smothered in their love,
And where auld Domsie lo, these many years
Has lived among the books that he reveres.
His home knows no sweet ministry of wife
Nor bairns to beautify and cheer his life ;
For these—the soul and essence of true homes—
He must find substitute in classic tomes,
And seek for consolation and content
In the companionship of voiceless print,

Through which he may, in silent hours and lone,
Commune with spirits kindred to his own.
Yet he's no hermit or recluse—not that ;
His linnet gaily sings, and the old cat
Purrs round his feet, with pressing, fond caress,
And the true love dumb creatures can express ;
Nor is all human fellowship denied,
For not in all the parish far and wide
Could there be found a soul more kind and sweet
Than aged Jean, who keeps his house so neat,
And gives him service full, ungrudged and true,
And the deep reverence she thinks his due.
And not unknown to this sedate abode
Are younger hearts, for it is Domsie's code
To punish lassies who have failed at school
In some set lesson, or transgressed some rule,
By keeping them beyond the closing time
With extra task to expiate the crime ;
(For boys he had more stern, Draconian laws,
And did not hesitate to use the taws).
But justice in the case of girls he blends
With mercy, for the discipline aye ends
In taking the offender home to tea
(A brother being kept considerably
As escort to her, who, of course, must share
The meal which Jean provides with extra care,
Including always honey in the comb,
The special dainty of the master's home).
On such occasions, having passed the door,
The Dominie's the Dominie no more,
But the kind host whose subtle power to please
Puts the wee culprit quickly at her ease,

And fills her brother—awkward, hungry boy—
With mingled sentiments of awe and joy.
Old Jean's so good a second to the host,
Unstinted with the tea and buttered toast
And all the dainties on the snowy cloth,
That she quite captivates the hearts of both,
And when at last the honored guests depart
They're conscious of a tempest of the heart
Betwixt desire to please good Dominie
And to partake again of such a tea !

But to the lad who's been "identified";
From this great day he's Domsie's special pride ;
While none are slighted in the daily round,
From hulking youths of dullness quite profound,
Through boys and girls of intellectual shades
As various as the hair upon their heads,
Down to the youngsters, who, with bare, red feet,
Are shyly sitting on the lower seat—
While all receive a reasonable share
Of the old master's oversight and care,
The lad o' pairts gets his peculiar thought,
As such a Latin genius surely ought !
No extra toil does Domsie think ill-spent
Upon the lad, and all his powers are bent
To compass the event that is to be—
A triumph at the University,
More glory to Drumtochty's widespread fame
And honor added to the master's name.

The minister who serves the village kirk,
A learned man, shares Domsie's extra work,

And at the manse three evenings in the week
Coaches the coming scholar in his Greek ;
Meanwhile his Latin is in Domsie's hands,
With other subjects that the "pass" demands,
And round the entire course with steadfast mind
The patient master and his pupil grind,
As you have seen the horses plod the ring
Beside the thresher at the harvesting,
From day to day, from week to week, until
No doubt remains as to the laddie's skill,
With such a store of learning's golden grain
Thus winnowed out with diligence and pain,
To face the ordeal, and not merely pass.
But rank with honors in the freshman class.

Perchance the boy's the son of some poor cot,
Foredoomed by fate to but a ploughman's lot ;
Grim, stubborn fact and circumstance would seem
To mock this wild, fantastic college dream ;
Genius, no doubt, may have intentions kind,
But oft bestows her gifts in manner blind ;
A "scholar in the shell" should be hatched out :
To lose the bird would be a shame, no doubt ;
But surely it is idle wind or worse
To talk of college on an empty purse !
Do such considerations daunt the heart
Of Domsie when they meet him at the start ?
Not for an instant. "He will no be sent
To the plough-tail, a' sweer, wi' my consent ;
The grass will never grow wi' my goodwill
Betwixt the college and Drumtochty school ;

Gin it were not A'm poor as Job masel,
And hae ma brither's bairns tae keep as well,
A'd never ask it from anither man ;
A' canna dae't, but I ken ane wha can ! ”
So to some dour Macænas of the place
With fervid eloquence he states the case,
And, when repulsed by shakings of the head,
Or by objections looked, tho' scarcely said,
The old man, in an instant growing young,
Discards his customary English tongue
As one would fling an empty scabbard by,
And flashes forth broad Scotch in anger high ;
To his swift thrusts of irony and scorn,
And ridicule and pleading, no man born
But must capitulate, and ere he's done
The battle of his protégé is won !
The course thus clear, now with unburdened heart
Domsie soon sees the hopeful youth depart ;
High confidence is swelling in his breast,
But to the Glen he says : “ I've done my best ;
He'll maybe pass ; I'm hopeful that he will,
And, short of honors, he will not do ill ;
He'll meet, of course, the lads from famous schools,
So to expect o'ermuch we would be fools,
But yet I think he's sure to hold his own.
We'll wait and see—ere long it will be known.”
Anon he straightens with an extra pride
When runs the happy tidings far and wide,
“ Drumtochty's lad has fairly whipped them a'
And carried a' the scholarships awa'.”
“ A'm no surprised,” says Domsie, “ no' a bit ;
A' kent the lad wes weel prepared an' fit.”

Then while this scholar goes from term to term
The master seeks for others in the germ ;
And so go on his toils from year to year,
By all the parish honored and held dear.

His college boy, perchance, now, near or far,
Adorns the bench, the pulpit or the bar,
Or ably fills some learned college chair
Or lofty station in some other sphere ;
Whate'er he is, where'er his lot be cast,
His heart holds gracious pictures of the past,
And 'mongst them those that ever fondest rule
Are of old Domsie and Drumtochty school.

Perchance—this happened once in Domsie's time—
The bud of promise sees no fruitful prime.
One scholar quit the well-fought college field,
Borne like a dying Spartan on his shield ;
A noble lad, who held the master's heart
With steadfast love, from all the rest apart ;
Aye, led him by sweet touches back to God,
Whose way of peace thenceforth the vet'ran trod,
Till that dim, distant, sacred summer day
When the Glen, mourning, laid his form away,
Leaving upon his bosom in its place
An old worn locket with a maiden's face.
And so beneath the consecrated nave
Teacher and pupil sleep ; nay, we'll believe
Together in their Master's presence live,
In that blest kingdom where school never skails,
Nor happy work is done, nor vigor fails.

Personal.

TO QUEEN VICTORIA,

ON CONTEMPLATING A PORTRAIT OF HER ON HER
77TH BIRTHDAY.

IN Moscow they have crowned the Russian Czar,
And through the ancient streets has slowly rolled
A river clogged with such magnificence
Of gold and gems and scarlet uniforms,
And flashing swords, and gaily stepping steeds,
And barb'rous royalties from all the East,
That the famed turrets all have dimmed their fires
And paled with envy at the spectacle ;
While all the world, breath-bated at the sight,
Has stood in rapt amazement, or perchance
Has found a tongue to join the Russian roar
That has acclaimed the head of Church and State.

The pageant has so dazzled our wide eyes,
And held our minds in such a thrall of awe,
That looking, wondering, cheering, we've forgot
All this is but a savage show and vain—
'Tis but a cloud of splendor rolling by,
An empty cloud, that has no blessed rain
For famished hearts of men !

Well robed and sceptr'd truly is the Czar,
But he's an autocrat the loud-voiced throng
Though bowing down and worshipping, yet fear ;

So, from the picture—e'en tho' it may be
History's long gallery of royal scenes
Can show not one to match it—we would turn
To rest our eyes and to refresh our souls
On this so simple, unpretentious print—
This picture of our Queen.

See here she sits alone in widow's black,
And rests her hand, not on the golden wand
Of Britain's universal monarchy,
But on the homely, serviceable staff,
Whose enviable office 'tis to help
Th' infirmities of her age. Her half-closed eyes
Seem fixed in reverie ; perchance the scenes
Of other years are passing in her thoughts :
It may be scenes that have made great her reign
Of more than sixty years ; or it may be—
If we translate aright the chastened look—
The sadder scenes through which her woman's heart
Has passed or still is passing ; griefs but less
Than that supreme calamity whose shade
Must to the end still linger o'er her throne—
That dire bereavement which had crushed her life
But for the grace of God and Britain's love.

Is not this aged face, this reverent mien,
More glorious to sane thought than any pomp
Of autocratic splendor and renown ?
Nought here, perhaps, to rivet curious eyes,
Nor to amaze the idle faculties,
But much that claims the nobler, higher sense.

Dear Queen, thou hast what rank cannot command,
Nor pageantry enforce—thy people's love ;
And to the utmost outpost of thy realm,
Where'er the happy shadow of thy flag
Falls on the earth to make it freedom's soil,
Brave men of every race who own thy sway
Give homage to thy office, and to thee
Their unbought hearts.

Nay, but the world's thy realm ;
For far beyond the farthest boundary line
Of thy great empire is thy name revered ;
Thy goodness and thy sorrows make appeal
To the wide human heart, and on this day
That adds another to thy numbered years
The spirit of Humanity draws near,
And like a gentle child enfolds thy form
With tender arms, to kiss thy wasted cheek
And call thee Mother, majesty's best name.

FATHER O'LEARY.



BRAVE Father O'Leary, so bold an' so tender,
 We welcome you, Sogarth, wid laughter
 and tears
 Safe back to your country, an' proudly we
 render
 To you a full share iv the honors an'
 cheers.

On the voyage or march no voice was so cheery,
 In camp your warm heart made you Tommy's best friend;
 Sure, the wit and the wisdom iv Father O'Leary
 Was the theme iv all tongues from beginnin' to end.

Whin Lord Roberts gives praise to the illigant forces
 We sint out to help him, he reckons not least
 In our gallant contingent iv men, guns an' horses,
 The power we supplied in our true-hearted priest.

No hero this war to our history has given—
 Tho' many a name it has written in light—
 Surpasses yourself, humble servant iv heaven,
 In the deeds that make hero-names glorious an' bright.

'Twas theirs to storm kopjes, or hould out in sieges,
 An' prove British valor the thing we all knew;
 But 'tis wid the loving emotions iv lieges,
 Dear Father O'Leary, Canadians greet you.

'Twas yours not to fight, tho' in many a battle
Your khaki-clad form wid the fighters was seen ;
No weapons you bore 'mid the musket's wild rattle,
Tho' no soldier more nobly served country an' Queen.

'Twas yours to kneel down by the poor fellows dyin'—
A father and mother in one, so you were—
An' wid lips that wud trimble because you wor cryin',
Say o'er thim the words iv the Catholic prayer.

But your heart was too big in its pity an' kindness
To know in such moments the limits iv creed ;
You were equally ready, in charity's blindness,
The Protestant prayer o'er an Orangeman to read.

An' 'twas yours by the hospital cots to stand daily
An' cheer the pale lads that were wounded an' sick ;
This you did wid your humor, so wisely an' gaily,
That your face there was better nor sunshine, avick !

Then welcome, your revrince, safe back from your labors,
God grant you a long life iv comfort an' peace ;
May your name unite Catholic and Protestant neighbors
In a mutual respect that will never more cease.

THE BURIAL OF GEN. WAUCHOPE.*

At Magersfontein, when the "thin red line"
 In pitchy darkness and wild lashing rain
 Crossed the wide veldt to charge the fortress'd heights,
 The Highland regiments held an honored place,
 And strode with sturdy limbs beneath the flags
 That told a glorious story of the past
 For Gordons, Seaforths and the old Black Watch.

Straight for the Heights they press thro' the dense night.
 When, at their feet, ere the first slopes are gained,
 A blazing fusilade from an ambushed trench
 Springs unexpected, as if earth had split
 With deafening roar athwart the column's front,
 And hell had belched a storm of flaming death
 Into their faces! Mortal men, not gods,
 The Highlanders are staggered, dazed, dismayed;
 Their broken ranks, stampeded and confused,
 Become a horrid shambles—gallant souls,
 The glory of our forces, shattered, torn,
 Are piled in bloody heaps; their noble chief,
 The trusty Wauchope, falling in their midst.

.

The Afric sunset painted heaven's west
 With quiet splendors on a peaceful eve

* See Note XI.

After the slaughter of that woeful night.
Upon the veldt, face upward, grim and stern,
Lay fifty Highland soldiers—great hands clenched
In the last agony, and brows still knit
With the stern-lust of strife as they had fallen,
But wearing, as it seemed with conscious pride,
The tartans of their clans. Then from afar
Sounded the wailing pipes and the dim noise
Of slow-paced steps ; clearer each swelling strain,
And nearer yet each heavy-footed tread :
It was the General on his revered bier
Coming to join his men in burial.
There, right beneath the frowning kopje's front,
Where stood the foeman, sternly looking down,
Moved slow and solemn all that now survived
Of the fine Scots Brigade, with arms reversed
In token of their loss ; in front of them
The chaplain, with bared head and in his robes,
Bearing the Holy Book ; the gallant dead
Borne by four chosen comrades ; so they came ;
That olden tune, which clutches Scottish hearts,
"Flowers o' the Forest," like a mountain wind
Now swelling wild and high, and calling forth
Haughty defiance in the soldier's mien
As heads went back and eyes flashed bright thro' tears
Like light that glints on steel ; now sinking low
Into the moaning wail of woman 'reft
Of first-born child, until the proud heads drooped
Upon the heaving chests, and the held tears
Through overmastering grief broke their constraint
And rolled down faces wan and scarred, while sobs
Confused the rhythm of the march of death.

So came they to the grave ; then moved away
In companies—silent, while a lesser guard,
The pipers and a square of reverent men,
Laid their loved General down and heard the words
Of hope and resurrection.

Then reformed
In rank and file, they took the campward march,
And pealed the pipes again—the anguished cry
Which but the Scottish pipe can voice for woe
In “Lochaber No More”—the searching strain
Which seemed the wail of that new-widowed heart
In the far Highland home which never more
Would welcome back brave Wauchope.

Then as one,
Touched by the magic of a common thought,
The soldiers turned their tear-damp'd eyes and glared
Towards the heights where Cronje and his Boers
Still stood ; and anger's red drove sorrow's white
From every cheek, jaws set like steel, the veins
Swelled on the hands that clasped the rifle stocks
With fervor of the grip, and on each face
Vengeance was writ ; the deadly look that speaks
The clansman's feud undying—blood for blood !

KIPLING.



HERE'S a bit from a lady's letter from Portland
out on the front,
Where stands a hospital quiet, away from the
battle's brunt ;
Where soldiers lie in their hammocks, or luckier
Tommies loll
On the smooth, green lawn for an airing, where
the healing sunbeams fall ;

Its talk is not of the surgeons, nor groaning, nor cries of
pain

(Though such we may guess at Portland, as a tender minor
refrain)—

No ; the letter gossips of laughter, of joking and jollity
rare,

The Tommies are having a picnic—for Kipling is visiting
there !

‘ When the fellows talk to their poet,” this smiling matron
affirms,

“ They're neither shy nor suspicious—no picking and
choosing of terms—

They just rattle away in their freedom, and Rudyard just
rattles away,

It's a joke-firing battery of Maxims, everyone happy and
gay.”

The poet laughs at their sallies and the boys are convulsed
at his,
As he lies there sprawling among 'em, with his slouch hat
over his phiz ;
There's mother wit in these fighters, and they say some
jolly good things,
And they catch the point of Kip's sparkle, and the place
with merriment rings.

" ' Lawfter is better'n physic,' I've read in the almanac,"
Says a corporal of the Lancers, holding the small of his
back—

" But, sister, if 'e'd a stopped 'ere—I've lawfed so bloomin'
much—

I'd 'ave 'ad a relapse, I'm certain, or needed the 'elp of a
crutch !"

'Twas a sight worth something to see him, the writer world-
renowned,

As he sat there, a centre of interest, with the lads close
circled around,

Like a queer little god they worshipped, in the tent or
under the trees,

Hutched up in a careless posture with his arms a-nursing
his knees.

A little round man apparelled in the ugliest of reach-me-
down suits,

A brown slouch hat as a head-piece, and dust-colored
spring-side boots ;

His face all crumpled with humor when, hat pushed back,
it was seen,

And the eyes that flashed 'neath the glasses with strength
and intellect keen ;

A world of deep understanding and human sympathy there,
That charms the heart with its magic and conquers men
everywhere ;

'Tis the soul that dwells there triumphant and sets the
small body at naught,

The power of divine and human that only true genius has
caught.

Would you name me the Laureate of Britain, the poet true-
laurelled to speak

For the millions dumb but aspiring, for the peoples, power-
ful or weak,

Of the divers tongues and traditions, of the varied com-
plexions of face,

That make up our world-spreading empire 'neath the flag
of the English race ?

Seek not in the courtly seclusion of manor, with book-laden
wall,

Where scholarly talent is sitting to write for you odes upon
call ;

But ask for a sick-room silent, whose vigil all Saxondom
shared,

And name me the patient who lay there—but whose life,
thank God, was spared ;

Or look at this picture and see him, not studying books,
but men,

That queer little genius, Kipling—his is the Laureate's pen !

TO IAN MACLAREN.

GOD'S blessin' on ye'r cannie pen,
"Maclaren," ye'r a prince o' men—
Wi' Burnbrae, ye maun be "far ben"
 To write like yon ;
A bonnier book a' dinna ken—
 God bless you, John !



MARGET AND GEORDIE HOWE.

A've read it sax times o'er a' sweer,
An' ilka time a' lo'ed it mair,
Tho' whiles it made my hert richt sair
 An' gar'd me greet,
An' whiles a' lauched until a' fair
 Row'd aff ma seat !

A day, an' in ma dreams at nicht,
 A'm wanderin' wi' renewed delight
 An' feastin' on each bonnie sicht
 In yon sweet Glen !
 Conversin' aye wi' a' thae bricht
 Drumtochty men.

A'm fair in love wi' Marget Howe,
 An' truly feel for puir Drumsheugh,
 An' aye a'm there at Whinnie Kuowe
 Ilk' eventide,
 For there the Bonnie Brier Bush grew,
 An' Geordie died.



DOMSIE.

Puir Domsie ! he's as real tae me
 As ony leevin' man can be,
 Whuppin' the thistle heids in glee
 While on his way
 To tell o' Geordie's victory
 Yon glorious day !



BURNBRAE.

An' Burnbrae, elder o' the kirk,
 An' Hillocks' type o' honest work,
 An' Soutar, wi' sarcastic quirk,
 An' big Drumsheugh,
 Wha'd maybe haggle o'er a stirk,
 But aye wes true.



HILLOCKS.

An' Donald Menzies, "mystic" chiel
 (A Celt was he frae heid tae heel),
 Wha warstled awfu' wi' the Deil
 For mony a day,
 Wi' him a' canna help but feel,
 An' groan and pray.

An' Lachlan Campbell, wha wes ca'd
 "Censorius"; wha regairded God
 A sovereign rulin' wi' a rod,
 An' no wi' grace,
 An' wha the very session awed
 Wi' ghaist-like face.

Him suffering sair mak's meek an' mild,
 As shadows veil the Grampians wild,
 Till, "like unto a little child"

 He comes tae be,
 An' o'er the erring and defiled
 Bends tenderly.

An' Archie Moncur, leal and true,
 An' "Posty," aye a thingy fou,
 An' Hopps, wi' bonnie suit o' blue,
 An' Chairlie Grant;
 An' Elspeth, sermon taster, too,
 An' Milton quaint.



JAMIE SOUTAR.

Wi' these an' mair, in godly fear,
 We sit yon Sabbath day an' hear
 "His mither's sermon" frae the dear
 Young preacher lad,
 An' wi' them shed a secret tear
 That isna' sad.

An' wi' them on anither day,
 When kirk is oot (tho' wi' dismay),
 We join tae mak' a bold display
 An' cheer Maclure,
 Oor doctor, wha wi' little pay,
 Serves rich an' poor.



DRUMSHEUGH.

No to forget the auld mare, Jess,
 A beast o' human tenderness,
 Wha wrought tae win his fond caress
 Mair than her feed ;
 Wha's conscious hert brak wi' distress
 When he lay deid.



LACHLAN CAMPBELL.

Aye, dear Maclure ! him maist o' a'
 We lo'e, an' thro' the drifts o' sna',
 Unmindfu' o' the north wind raw,
 We tearfu' come ;
 Wi' a' the mournin' Glen we draw
 Near-haun' his tomb ;



DONALD MENZIES.

Ay, "Ian," ye're "a lad o' pairts,"
 An' maister o' the winsome airts,
 Ye'r bookie by its ain deserts
 Wull live for aye,
 The benediction o' oor herts
 Ye hae the day !

An' barin' there oor heids, we pray
 That we may so live ilka day,
 That when we come tae pass away
 Frae a' things here,
 Truth may the tribute tae us pay
 O' love-wrung tear !



DR. MACLURE.



ROBERT BURNS.

ON THE UNVEILING OF HIS MONUMENT AT TORONTO,
JULY 21ST, 1902.

I.

HERE stands the glorious Peasant 'neath the sky
Of free and wholesome Canada ; could Art
But gift with vision power that matchless eye,
And touch to life again that poet-heart,
What words of wonder from those lips would start
In strain melodious to salute the scene :
A city—youthful, hopeful, puissant, fair,
Set in an age of liberty serene,
And Robert Burns with his high genius there,
Its work and play, its peace, and growth, and rest to
share !

II.

Aye ! give but breath to this so life-like form,
And down among us, with full eager stride,
He'd come, the sturdy man of passions warm,
And human sympathies unbounded wide,
To be our country's paragon and pride ;
A nobler Burns, because more nobly placed,
And kindlier environed by his time ;
His muse less wanton, but as richly graced
With ode, and song, and elegy, and rhyme,
And o'er the gold of his true wit no ribald grime.

III.

So much is man the sport of Circumstance
Whate'er his powers, that gentle Charity
Will judge and weigh his life beside his chance,
Remembering that the errors in't may be
Flaws in the potter's clay ; and she may see
In the starved peasant lad of Alloway,
Constrained and curbed, and robbed of youth's desire,
Nature's supreme and just apology
For Dumfries' wastrel with the heart of fire ;
The thwarted Child in time's revenge, the Rebel's sire.

IV.

No drear Mount Oliphant of early years,
No narrow Lochlie with its sordid ways,
No Mossgiel term of fruitless toil and tears,
No heartless drudgery of later days,
And so, perchance, no squalid pot-house lays,
No passion base to mar a noble soul,
No wild remorse, and wilder riot of shame,

No manhood curs'd by the enslaving bowl,
No sad, untimely death, no tarnished name,
No shade to dim th' unfading glow of his great fame.

V.

Yet, as the sunlight, genial, pure and kind,
Falls on the bronze of Burns's mortal mould
To mark its virile beauty, not to find
The dust in crevice or in mantle-fold,
So let our thought fix on his spirit bold,
His broad humanity, his love of truth,
His scorn of meanness and ingratitude,
The things that give his work immortal youth,
And henceforth stand, as they have ever stood,
To give him place in good men's hearts amongst the good.

VI.

Not that we'd be of those who fain would read
Our milder times into the poet's page ;
The sculptor were as sane and wise, indeed,
To dress him in the costume of our age
As they to make him modern saint or sage :
We take him "in his habit as he lived,"
And love him most being the Burns he was :
The poet in whom his Scottish race received
The tables of the Doric poesy's laws ;
The Bard in whom all earlier Bards converge and close.

VII.

Yet Scotia may not claim more than her share
In him, the foremost of her famous ones ;

Enough that she the lark-voiced Plowman bare,
And proudly counts him 'mong her peasant sons ;
That in her speech his peerless measure runs ;
The rest is all Mankind's—so large the plan
Of this prodigious birth, the jealous race
Will know him not as Scotsman, but as Man,
And 'neath the dialect exultant trace
The common tongue of every age and every place.

VIII.

By such wide claim, and bond of kin as well,
We hail his effigy in this fair land,
Where Justice, Right and Liberty e'er dwell,
And honest worth and clear-brow'd manhood stand
Unawed by power, by tyranny unbanned ;
A country such as he but knew in dreams
In his dark day ; and tho' the bronze be dumb,
To Fancy's ear from those cold lips there seems
A sigh of rest and happiness to come,
As tho' he said, " I've found at last my spirit's home ! "

IX.

Right welcome, Rab ! (for to our hearts 'tis vain
To think this form mere metal deftly wrought,)
Right welcome, Rab ! we hail thee citizen,
To adorn our home and to inspire our thought ;
Long stand in reverie on this favored spot,
Musing upon the daisies shy and sweet,
As was thy wont, and, haply, pitying, too,
Some cow'ring, timid beastie at thy feet,
And gathering to thy breast so leal and true
The young, the old, the rich, the poor within thy view.

TO THE POET WILLIAM WATSON.*

A REPLY.

BENEATH the night, o'erarching all,
Beside the rapt and gloomy bard,
The spirit of triumphant Paul
Stands, faithful servant of his Lord,
And hears the murmur, sad and awed,
The Unknown God ! The Unknown God !

Then, with a gentle grace he speaks,
As once on Athens' hill of Mars,
Nay, Poet, not found of him who seeks
Among the cold and distant stars,
Yet not unknown is God the True,
Yea, Him declare I unto you !

God's footprints in the field of time
Are plain ; His ruling hand is there—
From man's weak childhood to his prime
Present has been the Maker's care.
Abate thy pride, O bard, the Book
Is not unworthy of a look.

* See Note XII.

That Word transcribed by prophet's pen
Thou mayest scoff in unbelief,
But what of Him whom sons of men
Acknowledge as their Lord and Chief—
The Word of God made flesh, the Man
Who walked our earth a little span ?

Art thou a pagan in some far
And unlit jungle, whose dark mind
Must vainly scan the insensate star
Some mystic "sense of God" to find ?
And dost not know, O hopeless one,
That God hath spoken by His Son ?

Or art thou truly of that land
Whose life is rich and sweetly spiced
With priceless good on every hand
Because this earth hath known the Christ ?
Then raise not on that sacred sod
An altar to the Unknown God !

TO ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF WALES.*

BRITAIN does well to love thee, Princess high,
And justly is the homage of mankind
Laid at thy feet, for not beneath the sky
Shall simple hearts or gilded courtiers find
Within a form so fair, so fair a mind ;
So sweet a harmony of beauteous grace—
So clearly matched a royalty divine,
As that thou showest us in heart and face ;
The queenly right by Nature's choice is thine,
E'en were thy blood not from the Dane's pure kingly line.



Where is the throne thy beauty would not dower
With nobler prestige? Where the earthly state
That would not deem its dignity and power
Made more illustrious, however great,
If for its sovereign, by some happy fate,
It boasted thee, our Alexandra? Yet
Little of thee were known or understood
Within the circle of a coronet ;
Thou'rt chiefly queenly, being chiefly good ;
More than high birth and beauty is thy Womanhood.

* See Note XIII.

Here comest thou with gentle woman-heart,
 Bearing a wreath inscribed by thine own hand,
For the dear dust of one who had no part
 In the recorded peerage of the land ;
 Ah ! thou art wise and sane to understand
That she was truly noble and of kin
 To all the true nobility ; and so
From all choice souls of humankind must win
 Honor and love ; nor dost thou, Princess, know
 Nor feel that thus and at this tomb thou bendest low.

And the sweet words that thou hast written speak
 The deep, clear sense and truth that is in thee ;
High station has not made thee false nor weak,
 Thy thought is often of eternity—
 “ The white set face, the little strip of sea,”—
And thou dost find, even 'midst palace joys,
 Moments to meditate and look abroad
Into the mystery past all human toys—
 Into the depths profound of life and God—
Thy faith assured, thy heart at rest, thy Spirit awed.



TO J. W. L. FORSTER,

ON SEEING HIS PORTRAIT OF DR. MILLIGAN.



WELL, Forster, hast thou done thy part ;
'Tis he to th' life—if heaving breast,
And speech, and glances ne'er at rest,
Transcended not the reach of art.

The eye of eloquence is there,
Caught in its quiet, studious gaze ;
But for its twinkle and its blaze,
Art has not found the pigment rare.

The form is still, serene, sedate,
As resting in a reverie,
For gesture bold and motion free
Are things the brush cannot translate.

But all who've known and loved him well
In all these long, laborious years,
Can add the laughter and the tears,
And weave at will the olden spell.

'Tis much to have this pictured form,
But more—and God, we give Thee praise—
To have the man ; grant Thou his days
Be long and blest through calm and storm.

CARLYLE'S PORTRAIT.



WHAT seest thou, Carlyle, in that deep gaze
 Of melancholy-mystic, shadowed eyes,
 Beneath thought-wrinkled brow? A dumb amaze,
 A brooding wonderment and rapt surprise
 That seems to pierce the veil of forms and lies,
 Is in thy look. The loud-voiced world's acclaim
 Passes, a thing thou dost not know nor prize,
 Nor art thou conscious of its loud-voiced blame ;
 There dost thou sit deaf to all sounds of scorn or fame.

Deaf as thy picture, which still gazes on
 Silent, unmoved, with far-enchanted look
 Into the region whither thou art gone
 From them that followed thee or that forsook,
 For prophet held thee or for madman took ;
 Thou and thy shadow answer not ; but clear
 Speaks yet thy spirit from the vocal book,
 Saluting quaintly my attentive ear
 In human tone with homely Scottish accent dear.

“What see I?” (thus the picture makes reply,
 Finding an utterance through the printed page)
 “Nay, brother, rather ask what is this ‘I’?
 Whence came it? Whither goeth it? Engage
 To answer me these problems old as age ;

Or tell me hast thou never in the strife
Of so-named living, felt a noble rage
To win some knowledge of the thing called Life,
With fantasies and semblances so darkly rife ?

“ What faculty but Wonder may beseem
A conscious creature in this universe,
Here floating, a light-sparkle on the stream
Of being ? Man were surely mad or worse,
And would his nature impiously asperse
Who do not marvel, worship and adore ;
Or gave his soul to stomach or to purse—
Here with eternity behind, before,
An atom on a nameless sea without a shore !

“ But Use and Wont and Custom with their spell
Bewitch man's native reason ; here he stands
In Nature's vast sublime cathedral
'Mid mysteries miraculous on all hands,
With eyes that see not ; landscapes are but lands ;
Sun, moon and stars ; sky, tempest, cloud and sea,
Which child-man worshipped—these he understands—
For has not Science named them ? Mystery ?
Nay, with a name dismiss them all—so wise is he !

“ Such see not 'neath the outward clothes of things ;
Who has no Wonder has no soul that feels,
And no right spirit to his seeing brings ;
Yet this wide nature-garment that conceals
God from us is the garment which reveals

Him to our knowledge—man its noblest part ;
And thou that thinkest chiefly on thy meals,
Or on thy ballots, hucksterings or art,
Might'st wonder, too, if thou could'st know thy own deep
heart.

“ But thou'rt the sport of mere Appearance here,
And dost not pierce below into the true,
Chimæra governing thy eye and ear,
And Formula bedizening thy view—
Thy guiding law, To do as others do ;
The Real, sincere, thou wilt by no means try,
'Tis useless pain—Hearsay is simpler, too ;
Thy choice is tinsel ; gold thou passest by—
Life a vain farce, enjoy thy day, to-morrow die !

“ Yet thou dost worship—or perchance but mock—
One who on earth a Real pathway trod—
With peasant fare and rough-knit peasant smock ;
Who taught thee Man must be no idle clod,
But e'en as earnest Hero armed and shod.
Would'st thou not justly worship such a One—
Crying, Yea, Thou art godlike—Thou art He
Who wept and labored, Man's all-perfect Son ;
He whom the ages waited long to see,
The Truth of God, who was, and is, and is to be !

A LAMENT

ON THE DEPARTURE OF REV. WILLIAM PATTERSON.

HERE in my lonely room I sit to-night,
 Feelin' as if the crape was on my heart ;
Our friend and pastor's left our blessèd sight—
 God knows we felt it sorrowful to part,
 An' manny a humble bosom long will feel the smart.

I'm in the ranks of them that lives down town,
 A friendless bein' in a boardin'-place ;
There's hundreds in this life so dull and brown,
 Widout a touch of homelike love an' grace,
 Livin' jist on the thoughts of Sunday an' his face.

All through the week we work, if God so wills
 We have a chance ; we thank Him for a job
To earn an honest penny ;—sure it kills
 A man's respect to sit apart an' sob
 For work to do, and tempts his soul to steal an' rob.

We work an' pay our way, an' thank the Lord
 If we've the health, but 'tis a dreary mill ;
Wid scarce a friend, an' seldom anny word
 Of hope an' cheer to warm our bosoms till
 The Sunday mornin' came, an' then our hearts he'd
 thrill.

But, no ; I'm wrong—sure, in the week time, too,
We'd see him sometimes on the city street,
Passin' along wid some kind deed to do
For poor or sick,—he'd niver fail to greet
Us wid warm Irish heart an' hand when thus w'd meet.

I sometimes feared we idolized the man
An' worshipped him, forgettin' the command,
An' maybe that he's takin' is God's plan—
But who could help it that once grasped his hand ?
The tender cratur—if you knew you'd understand !

If we down in this dry an' dusty part,
Where trees are few an' birds are seldom seen,
Have still some flowers an' songbirds in the heart,
An' through the dust still see the heavenly green,
'Tis that so oft, through his sweet words, wid Christ
we've been.

An' manny a dyin' stranger, poor an' lone,
An' manny a churchless wanderer distrest,
His consolation day an' night has known,
An' been by his unwearied service blest,
Or soothed in death, and laid by him away to rest.

An' now he's left us—cried jist like a child,
I'm tould he did, dear sowl—I'm sure, I'm sure,—
An' so did we,—his tears wor undefiled
An' so wor ours, yes, undefiled an' pure—
'Twas hard to part,—he our loved guide, we his loved
poor.

Well, God attend him wid our kind farewell,
An' bless him, ivery one of us will pray,
Wid power the message of his heart to tell ;
An', till he greets above, the perfect day,
May he find friends, an' love, an' faith in Bethany.

TORTHORWALD.*

TO JOHN G. PATON, D.D.



FROM the "Bank Hill" in memory I look
With youth's wide eye of wonder, and behold
What is to me Auld Scotia's fairest nook—
A picture worthy of a frame of gold,
With something in it that can not be told
Of spirit-touching pathos and of power,
Beyond all words, beyond all reach of art—
Something unseen until in age's hour
One sits in holy reverie apart
And muses on the treasures of his inmost heart.

A thriving village nestles at your feet,
Each cottage in its little garden plot,
And sending up, from homely fire of peat,
The reeky cloud that melts, but does not blot
The wholesome air of that beloved spot ;
The happy households these of honest folk,
Industrious, independent, frugal, kind,
Patiently bearing labor's weighty yoke,
Yet no mute Samsons, grinding dull and blind,
But men of speech and earnest thought and virile mind.

* See Note XIV.

There 'midst its ancient trees in calm repose
The manse is seen, beneath the quiet skies,
The house which every reverent cottar knows,
As that of God's man, and beside it lies
The parish school, our crowning enterprise,
Where rich and poor meet on a common plane,
To learn that character alone is grand,
And true nobility's in heart and brain,
In gentle purpose, and in helping hand ;
The parish school ! the glory of our Scottish land !

Yonder the village kirk, our sacred shrine,
Stands solemnly amid its mossy stones,
Whose crumbling inscriptions seem divine,
And speak to us in ever hallowed tones
Of olden days, and faithful, sainted ones ;
And further, on its hill, Torthorwald Tower,
Stern sentinel above our peaceful vale,
Stands as the relic of Kirkpatrick's power,
And broods o'er many a wild and bloody tale—
Its giant walls defying still the futile gale.

Beyond it, snail like, crawls the Lochar stream,
And still beyond the spires of old Dumfries
Across Nith's beauteous valley glint and gleam,
A rustic scene the poet-soul to please,
Varied with farmstead and majestic trees
To the dim verge, where the old Galloway hills,
Gloomy, far-tumbling, bound the trancing view !
Such is the vision which my memory fills ;
Such the dear vale my boyhood springtime knew,
Fit setting for the home, in which love ever grew.

In a thatched cottage past the "miller's house"
As you go up the village gate, abode
A worthy pair—my father and his spouse,
By pious forbears to the Lord avowed,
And humbly walking daily with their God ;
Their weans around them—five lads full of life
And six wee lassies—but in heart all one,
To serve best and obey their only strife,
To see each duty well and truly done,
And have their parents' smile as set each evening's sun.

Our cottage had, beside a "but" and "ben,"
A mid-room with a tiny light of glass,
And daily when our father entered in,
By instinct taught, each little lad and lass
The shut-to door would reverently pass
On silent tiptoe and with downcast eye,
Hearing perchance the trembling words of prayer,
And knowing that before the Lord on high
Our household priest for us was pleading there,
With head bowed low beside the plain and simple chair.

And as we grew we learned the secret source
Of that blest light that rested on his face,
And what it was that, e'en in garments coarse,
Gave him as true nobility and grace
As monarch ever wore in gold and lace ;
We learnt at length it was the nature new
That Christ imparts, whereby the worldly clod
Has heaven opened to his raptured view,
And bears with heart unfailing gift or rod,
And wins alike the praise of men and smile of God.

And the dear mother of that vanished home !
Bright-hearted, patient-toiling, tender, wise,
Ever her almost worshipped form will come
With all its olden charm before my eyes,
And ever, in such moments, I arise
And call her blessed, and the unbidden tears
That come when thus on her I ofttimes dwell,
Baptize with joy the old remembered years
In which she lived and wrought and loved so well,
And voice for my deep heart what words can never tell.

And chiefest of my life-scenes I recall
My parting from that cottage in the glen ;
My bundle, the long road, and, best of all,
The converse of my father, prince of men ;
Six miles he walked with tearful counsel, then
Blessed me and stood, while I ran swiftly on
Lest I should play the child with one more word,
And looking back I saw him carved in stone,
With head uncovered, and my spirit heard
His prayer for me as he looked up and spoke to God.

Talk you of rank—of people nobly born,
Of caste and gentle breeding ? These may be
But empty forms and names but meet for scorn
Unless redeemed by virtue ; as for me,
I crave no better, nobler ancestry
Than I may boast by accident of birth
In the poor peasant cottage I have claimed ;
Nor grander heritage than the true worth
Of toil-worn saints—not widely known and famed,
But living, blessed, and dying, mourned and fondly
named.

Memorial.

LINES FOR QUEEN VICTORIA'S BURIAL.



A HERALD down from Osborne sped,
Cleaving the throng about the gate—
Th' unwelcome messenger of fate—
And passing spake—"The Queen is dead!"

The words, caught from his pallid lips,
Drape half the world, Britannia's realm,
In mourning black, and overwhelm
All alien peoples with eclipse.

Nay, none are alien in this scene;
Flags droop, and boundaries melt away;
Rulers and nations mourn to-day
For her who was to all—The Queen.

And she is dead! Plain words and few;
Yet they confuse our ears; and seem
Words heard in some fantastic dream,
That mock us and can not be true;

As if they meant the Windsor vale
Is gone—the hawthorne is no more;
The Dover cliffs, the Home-land shore
Have vanished, and the nightingale.

And nevermore the English May
Shall blossom for her natal morn,
As it has done since we were born,
Who now ourselves are old and grey.

For how from mingling thoughts of her
Shall we dissever thoughts of these
In our accustomed reveries,
When fond, pathetic musings stir ?

'Twas her felt presence, august, pure,
That lent the pensive charm we felt ;
Now she is gone—the visions melt,
And memory's sky is clouded o'er.

Aye, she was greater than her Crown,
And more to us than Majesty ;
The best within us bowed the knee
With more than fealty to the throne.

It was the touch of Motherhood
That turned our loyalty to love ;
The human note, that is above
All claims of rank and kingly blood.

So not to-day as Empress brave
We think of her, as the poor clay
Of kindred, frail humanity
Is borne to the all-ruling grave,

'Midst warships turned to things of peace,
Riding upon a sea of tears,
And mournful lines of drooping spears,
And funeral guns that never cease,

And stately pageantry ; our thought
Flies onward to the burial place
That held her heart, and bore the trace
Of love bereaved,—the sacred spot

Where graven is her promised tryst—
“ Here, Albert, will I come at last
To join thee, and, our rest o'erpast,
Together we shall rise in Christ.”

And so she comes. Sweet Queen, farewell ;
Grief mocks thy bliss ; we must not weep ;
God giveth His beloved sleep ;
Peace, booming gun ! peace, tolling bell !

Now may Victoria's God still be
The God of her true son, our King,
To whom our Empire's millions bring
Their equal faith and loyalty.

And to our new Queen o'er the waste
Of ocean, from this wide, true North,
We send, as symbol of her worth,
A wreath of Maple, sweet and chaste.

THE DEATH OF GLADSTONE.

“AMEN!” IN RESPONSE TO THE LITANY READ BY HIS SON,
WAS GLADSTONE’S LAST WORD.

“AMEN,” his final word on earth,
“Amen,” low and serene ;
And so his long and great career,
A benediction and a prayer,
Closed, in that peaceful scene.

A scene that was fit epilogue
To such a classic play ;
Hawarden’s ancient, grateful shade,
Love and devotion round the bed,
And England’s full blown May.

“Amen,” as rose the morning sun
Sank this great orb to rest,
Leaving a character sublime,
A splendor to the end of time,
To glow in History’s west.

“Amen,” the scholar of his age
Goes from his studious nooks,
Leaving his busy, toiling pen,
That wrought the noblest good for men,
And his beloved books.

“Amen,” the golden tongue is still
That Britain thrilled and awed,
And that oft stirred the wider world,
When 'gaint oppression's brow it hurled
The thunderbolts of God !

“Amen”—the statesman passes out
From council room and hall,
Bequeathing to the nation's tears
The work of sixty strenuous years,
Matchless and spotless all.

“Amen”—the Tribune of the race
From care and toil is free ;
The war drums hush for tolling bell,
And side by side the nations kneel
With kin beyond the sea.

“Amen”—the homespun, gentle squire
Ends life's allotted span ;
No star or ribbon on his breast,
No title, but that fondest, best,
Great Britain's grand old man.

“Amen”—the calm believer sinks
Into the arms of death,
For this was that which made him great
In study, forum, home and state,
His holy Christian faith.

This was the sacred fire that warm'd
And glorified his mind ;
And sanctified his genius high
To service of humanity—
To love of human-kind.

“ Amen ”—so ends the litany,
And Gladstone falls on sleep ;
So rest in peace, great soul, thy name
Within our hearts, a living flame,
A heritage, we'll keep.

HENRY GEORGE.



WHEN roared the turmoil of the fight,
 While loudest raged the din and clash,
 A hush fell sudden like a flash
 Of dazing light,
 The message ran—He's dead who fought so val-
 iantly but yesternight !

The Seer of our age, whose pen,
 Like Moses' rod, cleft through the sea
 A path to life and liberty
 For toiling men,
 Lies on the mystic mountain-top, but knows the hosts shall
 enter in.

Dead—white—appareled for the grave—
 Not dressed for honors all but won,
 He silent lies, the cause undone
 He strove to save ;
 A pale, cold corse, with empty hand, like sculptured mar-
 tyr, pure and brave.

Yes, empty hand ! But, God of grace,
 Would'st Thou but one sane moment grant,
 That Dives, fed and breathing scant,
 Prone on his face
 Might fall and groan in self-contempt, and worship in this
 holy place !

Beside the immortal riches stored—
A treasure more than gold refined—
In heart and memory of mankind,
This man's reward—
Dross, idle dross in truth are all the millions of the money-
lord.


But Dives' heart's insensate stone,
He comes not ; but within the room
A spirit hovers, ere the tomb
Shall claim its own,
To kiss the dead and tell the love of all the Poor of every
zone.

As that lone child of Afric blood
Kissed the firm lips of him who died
A felon's death, and sanctified
John Brown the Good,
So Labor kisses Henry George, who 'gainst a blacker
slavery stood.

His cause undone ? nay, sprung anew !
His cause was God's—his prophet call,
“ God made this fruitful earth for all,
Not for the few ! ”
The sun is up and lights the world, and men have seen,
and truth is true !

And as the blood-red tempest rose
From John Brown's tomb, to rave and rend
And sweep the land and make an end
Of Freedom's foes,
So from this grave the avenging storm 'gainst hoary wrong
already blows.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.



SAINT FRANCES of the Veil,
 Dear penitential maid,
 Like waxen lily delicate and pale
 In the deep cloister shade ;
 The world, with all its pageant and its din,
 Well lost beyond the wall,
 And thy meek soul shrived all its days for sin,
 Till God shall call.

To thee, devoted saint,
 We fain would bow the knee,
 Nor feel our pious reverence attain
 With strange idolatry ;
 For in thee we would worship Him whose face
 In thine we seem to view,
 Our love to thee a prayer that by His grace
 We may be holy, too.

.

Saint Frances of the Fray,
 A nobler saint wert thou,
 No veiled nun, immured in cloister gray,
 Self-chained to fast and vow ;
 Nay, but a sister of the race, who stood
 With toilers in the strife,
 A radiance of pure, helpful womanhood,
 A human Christly life.

A spotless lily, too,
But growing in the light,
In the free winds, 'neath heaven's expansive blue,
And blooming full in sight
As bloomed the Rose of Sharon, making sweet
The work-worn, earthly day,
So that the world seems dark and incomplete
Now that thou art away.

Saint Frances of the Sword,
Yet devotee of peace ;
Long, selfless service, valiant deed and word,
Battle that did not cease
For God, and home and every land, was thine,
And now thy gentle fame
Is as an ointment, precious and divine,
Poured forth in Woman's name !

REV. D. J. MACDONNELL.



BESIDE Macdonnell's grave we stand and mourn,
So rare a soul in him has passed away ;
Yet 'twas alone for this, his climax day,
That, in his own accounting, he was born.

The day foreset of God when he should die
And stand immortal at the judgment bar,
That day shone on him like the northern star ;
It was the point of light he helmed by.

And so he bravely sailed life's changeful sea,
And kept his prow due north in foul or fair ;
In all his course he had one only care—
To compass man's chief end and destiny.

Ambition's kingdoms spread before his eyes—
His gifts made tempting offer of wide fame,
And earthly honor and far-sounding name ;
But he had seen the Christ, and he was wise.

His soul arose and said : " My days are few,
But past the bourne of yon approaching grave,
Eternal powers and glories I shall have,
How much of useful labor can I do ?

“ Give me, O God, some noble task for Thee
To fill my eager hands, and heart, and mind !
Grant me some worthy sphere of work to find,
That on the earth Thy servant I may be.

“ These powers of mine, set them on fire with love,
And let me spend them for my fellow men ;
Give me the spirit of the Nazarene,
And keep Thou me, that I may faithful prove.

“ Men’s souls are strangled in the market-place,
Thy poor ones cry for help and sympathy ;
Give me, O God, to set the captives free ;
Make me the almoner of Thy heavenly grace !”

He that shall lose his life shall find it. So
Spurning the prizes of the earthly marts,
He won the dearer prizes of our hearts,
And found the fame he had not sought to know.

FATHER EDWARD M'GLYNN.



FAREWELL, dear, kindly spirit—fare thee well !
 Thy giant form, that held so great a soul ;
 Thy face, so eloquent in every line,
 Translating to the world thy Christian heart,
 Have passed the darkened portals, hence to be
 But sacred recollections ; dust to dust,
 Thy mortal part has vanished from the earth,
 As melts the evening cloud, no more to bless
 Bodily eyes, yet nevermore to fade
 From memory's clear vision in the breasts
 Of those who knew and loved thee.

Noble priest !

Whose lips the living fire of God had touched
 With consecration holier than the hand
 Of Pontiff could bestow ; whose spirit large
 No narrow churchly limits could restrain,
 In thee the brotherhood of man's bereaved.
 Sincere in faith, thou did'st the work of Rome ;
 Her vestments thou did'st wear, her rites perform,
 Devout and reverent, but thy priesthood reached
 Beyond the Papal bounds ; this God-given earth
 Was thy true altar, thy evangel clear
 The Father's table free to every child.
 Thy parish was the world of toil and pain ;
 The disinherited, the weak, the mass,

Submerged in hellish slums by social wrong,
Were thy parishioners, and in their cause
Thou didst not shrink from obloquy and loss,
Ending in spoiled career and martyrdom ;
In the true priestly spirit thou did'st turn
From deaf and hardened Mammon unto God,
And, with thy latest breath, whisper thy faith
That Truth shall triumph, and His will be done
On earth as 'tis in heaven.

JOHN MARK KING.*



NOT worthier was the Friend whose death
 Wrung from the Poet of our Age
 “Memoriam’s” immortal page—
Not nobler, nor of purer faith—

Than he who late that page did con
 That we with him its sweets might share,
 And learn its meaning, subtle, rare,
And note the tears that in it shone.

And though less gifted pens essay
 To tell his worth, Thou know’st, O God,
 Our tears, that fall upon the sod,
Are not less bitter than were they !

* Dr. King’s last work was a volume of lectures on Tennyson’s “In Memoriam.”

DR. MCDIARMID, OF SCARBORO'.*

MCDIARMID, tender, grave and pure,
Oor ain esteemed and lo'ed Maclure,
For mony a day wull rich an' poor
Thy praises tell ;
Farewell, thy noble life is o'er,
Farewell ! Farewell !

We mourn thee mair than words can say,
An' nae dry herts are here the day,
As throngs o' youthfu' an' o' grey
Foregather noo,
Within the kirk-yard auld to lay
Thy coffin low.

The blacks we wear are no vain dress
O' formal grief or feigned distress,
But mutely to the world confess
Oor darkened herts,
An' the deep sense they would express
O' thy deserts.

We lay thy form beneath the sod,
Thy soul redeem'd we yield to God ;
In auld familiar paths ye trod
We'll ken nae mair
Thy cheery word, thy kindly nod,
Thy spirit rare.

* See Note XV.

But every word and deed o' thine
We'll treasure as a thing divine,
That wi' the grace o' Christ did shine
 Through a' thae years;
We'll dream o' thee an' Auld Lang Syne
 Wi' smiles an' tears.

Aye ! in oor dreams ye'll live again
We'll see ye in the snaw an' rain
Hastin' to ease some neebor's pain
 Wi' lover's speed,
Gi'ein' a loose an' coaxin' rein
 To thy tired steed.

We'll see ye sit wi' thoughtfu' mein
Beside the cot o' some puir wean,
Wha's mither stands wi' brimmin' e'en
 To hear ye'r word,
An' looks mair happy than a queen
 When she has heard !

Ye'r presence ever lent a grace
O' goodliness to sic a place;
Tho' aye they smiled to greet yer face
 In stately ha',
Ye were a lover o' ye'r race
 An' lo'ed by a'.

So rins oor dream o' the yestre'en,
O' winters white an' simmers green,
For a' the years you've 'mang us been,
 Oor steadfast friend;
Doon to the sweet and gentle scene
 O' thy ca'm end.

Oor reverie will melt an' fade
Wi' yon last glimpse, when ye were laid,
Like wearied wean, 'mid gloamin' shade,
For a bit rest,
E'er still anither round wes made
O' service blest.

An' as ye lie in silence there,
Oor fancy sees an angel fair,
Wha radiant comes an' says, "I bear
Thy summons home ;
Well done, good servant, thou shalt share
Heaven's glory—come !"

An' thou wert gone—thy form alone,
Thy image in white waxen stone
We found, and in the kirk-yard lone,
Wi' love sincere,
That form we lay, but thou'lt live on,
McDiarmid, dear !

THOMAS KIRKLAND.*



UPON his coffin, heaped with tender flowers,
Make place for this white blossom I would bring
From his old pupils, for we claim him ours
By sanction of sweet memories that cling,
Like odors of some far-off, mystic spring,
To hearts that loved him in the days of yore,
Albeit knowing scarcely anything
Of his great soul of virtue and of power,
As now we know, with sight and judgment more mature.

In those dim days, when study was a task
Set by stern Fate, and Play the saving sun
That lit our world ; when School wore Terror's mask,
And sore we grieved when holidays were done ;
'Twas then there came to be our teacher, one
Who, in his gentle dealing, made anew
The lesson-time ; the books we used to shun
Were now no longer irksome in our view,
Love rose where fear had reigned, and there forever grew.

To what was noblest in us he appealed,
Not in set, formal phrase, but by the air
Of kindness he spread ; we could but yield
A glad obedience to a guide so fair ;
The rein he held was lighter than a hair,

* See Note XVI.

But it was tethered to our inmost hearts,
A cord of love ; his stern rebuke was rare,
For rarely needed ; mild persuasion's arts
He knew, and the good-will which gentleness imparts.

Thus from the page of boyhood I recall
This man of golden worth, whose later days—
Still given to the work that did enthrall
His glowing mind—have won a wider praise,
And crowned his name with Reputation's bays.
The monuments he built himself to-day
Adorn our land wherever we may gaze,
In consecrated teachers, who display
His zeal, his wisdom and his helpful ways,
And honor him as no vain shaft that we could raise.

We called him " master " in the long ago,
And spoke the title as if we said " friend " ;
He called Another " Master, Friend," we know,
'Through all his course unto the peaceful end.
Christ-taught was this our teacher ; grace did lend
His character its beauty in our eyes,
And in his soul did strength and sweetness blend,
Making him loving-kind as well as wise ;
And so his work was done, and lives—such work ne'er
dies !

Notes.

NOTES.

I. THE POEM OF PRETORIA DAY.—The capture of Pretoria, the Capital of the Transvaal Republic by the British under Lord Roberts, was reported in Canada on the evening of May 30th, 1900 (prematurely by some days as it eventually turned out). This victory, being accepted as a signal of the end of the South African War, gave rise to an outburst of popular joy that was without a precedent in the history of the country. The poem is an apologetic of the enthusiastic display which continued in Toronto for nearly twenty-four hours.

II. A SCOTCH ENGINEER'S ADDRESS TO SPAIN.—It was stated in the public prints that the inactivity of the Spanish fleet at Cadiz at the opening of the Spanish-American war, was accounted for by the difficulty of replacing the Scottish engineers who resigned their posts rather than fight against the United States.

III. THE TOUCH OF NATURE.—The incident treated in this verse was reported in the cable despatches at the time (1896), and is but slightly embellished in the version here given. The speaker is supposed to be one of the English blue-jackets.

IV. "IRONSIDES."—Lord Wolseley, in a letter to Sir George Williams, said: "I wish we had a few regiments now like Cromwell's 'Ironsides'; they would leaven the army and make it the finest in the world."

V. THE DRINKING WATER-CART.—Owing to an accident to the conduit pipe connected with the water-works of the City of Toronto, the citizens were, during a summer season, supplied with drinking water by means of the tank carts used for sprinkling the streets. Regular visits were made by these vehicles, and the scene described in the poem became a very familiar one (minus the romance).

VI. THE PEELER AND THE TRAMP.—This is a true incident. The policeman was a member of the Toronto force.

VII. THE APOLOGY OF EDWIN MARKHAM.—This is in effect a transcription of the account written by Edwin Markham of the origin of his celebrated poem, "The Man with the Hoe."

VIII. THE ADOPTED BOY.—The incident here dealt with is vouched for by Mr. J. J. Kelso, Superintendent of Neglected Children for Ontario, who has supplied the portraits of the hero as child and man.

IX. THE CHILD AND THE TOAD.—This little incident occurred at Centre Island Park. A portrait of the small hero of the occasion is given as an accompaniment to the story.

X. ECHOES OF DRUMTOCHTY.—These are metrical transcriptions of the sketches in Ian Maclaren's "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." The beauty of the originals will be accepted as sufficient excuse for the length of the poetic versions.

XI. THE BURIAL OF GEN. WAUCHOPE.—These lines are based upon the prose description of Gen. Wauchope's burial, by the special correspondent of the London *Daily News* in South Africa.

XII. TO THE POET WILLIAM WATSON.—In reply to a poem entitled "The Unknown God," which he had published immediately after the appearance of Kipling's "Lest We Forget," and which was manifestly intended as a rebuke to the faith expressed in that beautiful Recessional. Watson's poem began :

" Unmeet to be profaned by praise
Is He whose coils the world enfold,
The God on whom I ever gaze,
The God I never once behold ;
Above the cloud, beneath the clod ;
The Unknown God ! The Unknown God ! "

XIII. TO ALEXANDRA, PRINCESS OF WALES.—Amongst the tributes paid to the memory of the late Mrs. Gladstone was a beautiful wreath sent by the then Princess of Wales, our present beloved Queen. Appended to the wreath was a card on which the following inscription was written by the sender's own hand. The poem, written at the time, of course addresses the royal lady under the title she then bore.

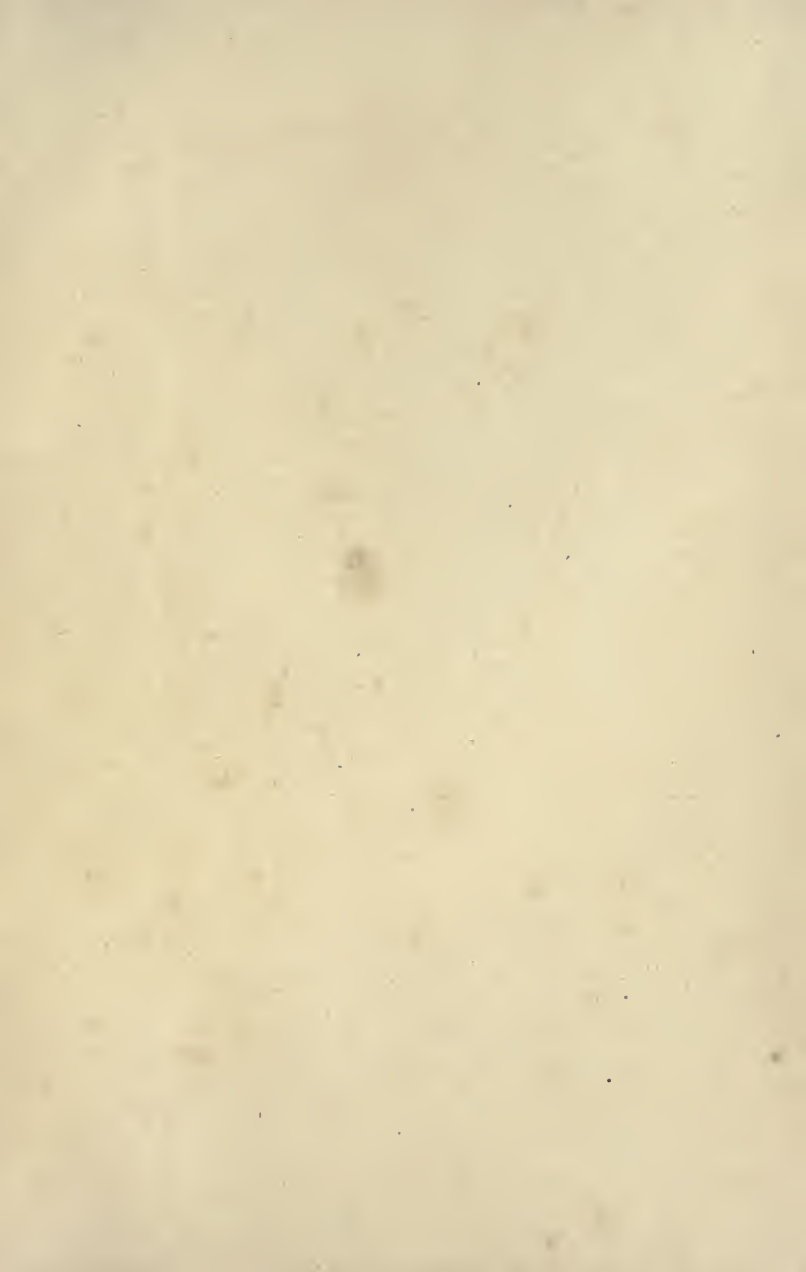
" IN MEMORY OF DEAR MRS. GLADSTONE.

" It is but crossing with a bated breath,
A white set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before."

XIV. TORTHORWALD.—This is a translation into verse of Dr. John G. Paton's description of his early Scottish home in his recently-published autobiography.

XV. DR. MCDIARMID, OF SCARBORO'.—"Seldom in the history of any place has there been observed a more touching scene than that witnessed in the Township of Scarboro' on the occasion of the funeral of the late Dr. McDiarmid. For more than a quarter of a century Dr. McDiarmid has occupied a very unique position in the township. Ian MacLaren's description of Dr. Maclure finds its realization in a very marked degree in the life and character of Dr. McDiarmid. Free from everything that savored of the spirit of show or parade, actuated by a lofty ideal, animated with noble impulses in life, he was wholly unselfish. He lived in the lives and won the affections of the people. Absolutely free from the mercenary spirit, he was pre-eminently the friend of the poor. The closing scene of his life was touchingly beautiful. The forenoon of the day on which he died he was out visiting the sick. After dinner, his horse harnessed in the stable, he thought he would lie down for a few minutes' rest before going out. He lay down on the sofa in his surgery. In the course of half an hour or so his wife entered the room and found him dead. The high esteem in which Dr. McDiarmid was held was evidenced by the vast multitude of people that attended his funeral from all parts of the township."—*Toronto Globe*.

XVI. THOMAS KIRKLAND, who died on the last day of the year 1898, was Principal of the Normal School at Toronto, and was recognized as one of the foremost educationists of Canada. In earlier years he occupied the position of Head Master of the Grammar School at Whitby, Ont., in which the author was for some time a pupil.







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